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RED CROSS AIR RACE

(See story page 9)



THEY TOOK AWAY THE FENCE

By Australian author

RUSSELL J. OAKES

IT was an iron fence, standing upon a stone wall. Each upright bar was topped by an arrowhead pointing skyward. It ran along two sides of the property, and for its full length it was shaded by glossy-leaved camphor laurel trees. The sun patterned the street pavement with quaint geometrical designs formed by the fence and the foliage.

It had character, that fence, and it was impregnable. It defeated even the most inquisitive, and people ceased to be curious about the old house that rested behind it.

"Our Guardian," she had often thought as she drove through the great iron gates on her homecomings. "Peter's and mine."

Then the war had swept the world with fire. Peter had enlisted, and was killed early in the fray.

It was bitter grief, but she had made herself proud of her son as a mother should be proud. The fence had helped, because it had kept "them" out; kept them from knowing her agony. It had been her protection.

Then had come a time when the nation needed metal. There was her solid iron fence, stretching round the two extensive sides of the block, and the massive double gate. All told, "enough iron to sink a battleship," she told herself. But she knew she would lose something with the fence. All privacy would be gone. She would not be alone. The grounds would be open. "They" would get in. She was never quite certain in her mind who "they" were, but they would be intruders, and they would trample on precious things, if not deliberately, then in their ignorance.

These fears were overcome, however. Workmen came, and for a week there was a great poth of chipping and picking along the wall. Section by section the fence was laid down on the sidewalk until it was all there, and the grounds looked very exposed beyond the damaged plaster.

It was a large house, too large for her alone. She would sell it and find a small, comfortable flat somewhere.

The very first intruder was a nondescript little dog. It sniffed at

the broken wall, then hopped in and eyed the vast grounds with amazement. Its ears pricked with interest. Then it seemed to go wild. She watched it from a window. It was playful and rather amusing, as it bounced about the lawn.

The letter-box had gone with the fence, and now the mail was brought to the front door and thrust under with soft, slithering sounds.

The day The Letter came the door stood open, and she came out to take it personally. As she went to the hall she realised with a touch of interest that she had never seen the postman. The delivery of mail she had accepted without question. Now she was surprised to see a smart young woman in a postal uniform carrying the postman's shabby bag. Of course. Women were doing so many things nowadays. A strange new curiosity for the world outside possessed her.

"You are delivering the mail, now?" she asked. The slender young woman smiled cheerfully.

"Mr. Carter's fighting the Japs," she said casually. "Isn't it a beautiful day?" The postwoman was gone, and she had left a lone letter. It was a military envelope with the "O.H.M.S." crossed through. She took it into the lounge, for she felt as if it had something to do with Peter. It had. His company commander had written very earnestly to her, and very kindly. He told her about Peter in a few well-chosen phrases.

"I have no wish to intrude on you at such a time. Your son, Peter, was well known to me, and I feel you should know how it came about. . . . There followed an account of Peter. Behind the semi-formal explanation she read a suggestion of sympathy conveyed, and there was a certain pride that was not merely a compliment to her.

"Private Patterson brought him back although we knew he would not last long. . . ."

Pte. Patterson. "Snowy," Peter had called him in his letters. Men had such odd names for one another. Peter had never used them until he had gone away, and then his letters had become dotted with "Snow," and "Blucy" and "Butch."

Peter had explained their nicknames, but she could not credit any of them with a sense of dignity. They were all people from "outside," those people she had kept out so carefully. She admitted their courage, their sacrifice, but they were beings from another world. It had jarred her when Peter had written:

"Grand fellows all of them, and I'm one of them. I wouldn't mind if I fell with them, because their spirit rises above death." That had been long before the terrible shock had come and Peter's spirit had risen above death.

She turned back to the letter, her eyes blurred.

"I have given Private Patterson your address. This is a liberty, but in the circumstances I feel sure you would like to see him."

The war had swept aside so much, yet she felt a certain misgiving over the prospect of Private Patterson's visit. How did one make conversation with a "Snowy"? Illiterate, not very well educated, a bus driver in his civilian life — this "Snowy" Patterson. She would have to see him. She owed that to Peter.

HE came in the afternoon, two days later. The door-bell played a soft, rippling tune, and she hurried to go downstairs. It was late afternoon, but the reception-hall was still light. She had always been grateful for the amber glass roof over it. She opened the door and faced "Snowy" Patterson.

He was tall, and he wore the familiar uniform with unintentional grace. Tunic and canvas belt, trousers tucked into gaiters over his polished boots. Something told her that the boots had been polished unusually well, just as his snowy hair had been over-brushed for the occasion. He wore that deceptive air of ingenuousness typical of young men in the presence of strange women. He came in nervously, fumbling his hat.

"Did you have far to come?" she asked with formal solicitude.

"Oh, no. Only half an hour by train. I'm staying at 'Burnside.'"

"Isn't that a boarding-house?"

"It's a convalescent home now. Red Cross. It used to be a boardin'-house."

She remembered it. Not a very bright boarding-house by all ac-

counts, still it had a roof and four walls.

"Why are you in a convalescent home?" she asked.

"Malaria," he said. "It's my third dose. It comes back on a man now and then." She took him into the lounge room and took a chair opposite him. He sat there uncomfortably, looking at the room surreptitiously. She told him about the company commander's letter, and she found it difficult to draw from him anything but quiet affirmatives and monosyllables. Then she took her courage in both hands and asked a foolish question.

"You tried to save him, didn't you?" she asked steadily. He looked surprised and guilty as though she had accused him of petty theft.

"Well . . . o' course . . . I tried," he said slowly, in embarrassment. "Anyone would."

For a moment she was quiet, sitting beside the huge old fireplace, with its jardiniere-vases and over it a portrait of her great-grandmother. . . .

So this was Peter's "Snowy" Patterson. His appearance was as she had expected, his voice was as she had expected, yet there was something unexpected, too. The spirit behind his steady eyes, the same bold, generous, boyish spirit as Peter's. That had been something the men had shared. That was why Peter's letters had made this "Snowy" Patterson so important. They had been fighting the war together, and they both knew why. They had built no fence round themselves, and when Peter had fallen "Snowy" had brought him back. Gallantry they imagined was commonplace.

As they talked he grew more at ease. The outward manner was lost in their common grief, and when he rose to go he knew the woman as a brave, bereaved mother.

"I'm glad I came," he said, as he stood up to go. "I can't do anything, but . . . I'm glad I came." He was so earnest, so genuine, and he looked so steadily from his eyes that were surrounded by the wrinkles of a strong emotion.

"I'm glad you came, too," she said. "You were very kind."

After he had gone, she went back to the lounge, and, sitting down under the portrait of her great-grandmother, she began to cry very softly.

It was during the following week that she went to interview the Red Cross Society. The superintendent was amazed and impressed.



"I'm glad I came," he said, looking steadily down at her.

"Just as it is?" he repeated, when she had told her story.

"Just as it is," she told him, "excepting for a few personal treasures. Otherwise everything. The furniture and billiard-room, and the sun-room—everything, just as it is. I am finding myself a small flat."

"But all those beautiful things . . . valuable treasures."

She smiled sadly and with pain for a moment. She thought of Peter. She knew, now, the reason why the fence had been taken away. It was not to let "them" in. It had been to let her out. With simplicity, and sincerity, she said: "Nothing can be too good for them."

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PUT yourselves in my position," the major looked round the table and his three listeners looked at their plates. Nobody wanted to put themselves in Major Hartley's position. Certainly not Miss Pringle, whose figure had always been her pride—she did not envy the major his curves. Sub-Lieutenant Denny wouldn't have changed his job in the Navy even for a major's crown; and as for Helen Seton—she had always taken a dim view of the Army. Helen was in the W.R.N.S.

"Put yourselves in my position," the major repeated. "Here I am stationed in this off-the-map village—possibly for the duration—and I have nowhere to put my wife. Nowhere," he repeated, glaring at Miss Pringle with unnecessary ferocity.

Major Hartley had arrived alone at Miss Pringle's guest-house a week ago, and had spent all his spare time in unsuccessful house-hunting. His wife was to follow when he'd found somewhere to put her.

He broached the subject again to Esmond and Helen after dinner, when they were sitting round the fire in the lounge.

"Would you two young people like to come with me on a house-hunting expedition to-morrow?" he asked.

"I'm afraid we can't, sir—"

"We'd love to—"

They both spoke together, but Helen broke off in surprise and looked at Esmond. Surely they could, they'd made no plans for to-morrow. Esmond murmured something about having an appointment in the morning. "Well, I'd love to, even if Esmond can't," said Helen firmly.

"Good, about eleven, then?" The major rose and carefully knocked out his pipe.

As the door closed behind him, Helen dropped a cushion on the floor and slipped down beside Esmond's chair. "Darling, you haven't really got an appointment to-morrow, have you?" she asked.

"Well, I half promised a chap—" he began. "And besides, I don't want to find houses for other people." He turned and met her grey eyes. "When we look for houses together, darling, they'll be houses for ourselves. You go along with the major if you want to, and find him a nice, cosy nest for himself and his wife. I just don't want to come, that's all."

"But wouldn't it be rather fun to go and look at his house and pretend for a few hours that it's going to be ours?" she asked. "After all, we will be looking for a house when we're married after the war."

"After the war?" he echoed in surprise. "We'll be married a lot sooner than that, my girl, unless the war ends before my next leave."

"But we can't get married while the war is still going on!"

Helen gave the logs a little shove with the poker to emphasise her words. Esmond didn't answer at once, and a little shower of sparks went up, breaking the silence with a crackle.

After a moment he leaned forward and took the poker out of her hand and laid it on the hearth. "Stop playing with the fire and tell me one thing—why did you say you'd marry me?"

"Because I love you."

"And is there anything to prevent us getting married when I have my next leave?"

"Of course there is—the war. How can we get married now?" Helen looked at his eyes, serene and confident, looking down into hers. How could she find words to make him understand that she was frightened? Frightened not for herself, but for him. Frightened of taking away that look of confidence, that calm serenity that he needed so much in his job.

"Why do you suppose the major is always fussing about his wife?" she asked.

A little smile touched the corners of Esmond's mouth. "Because she is his wife—he fusses for the same reasons that I'd fuss about you. He wants her to be with him—I know I couldn't hope for that. And he wants her to be happy—so would I. It's quite natural, darling, I'd feel just the same. Only I hope I wouldn't make such heavy weather of it."

"But that's just the point, Esmond," Helen said earnestly. "As your wife, how can I be anything but a worry to you when you're half the world away?"

Esmond leaned down and took her hand. "You'll be my link with home," he said.

"But we know we love each other, we can plan together for the future, isn't that enough?" She tried to draw her hand away, but his fingers closed for a moment more strongly over hers, then, releasing them, he smiled down at her and shook his head.

Helen felt that a cold fog had settled between them, isolating them from each other. It had always been so easy to share her thoughts with him, but now when it was something she felt so strongly was important to their whole lives, he had suddenly put on blinkers and refused to look beyond the fact that he wanted to marry her on his next leave.

Cupping her firm little chin in her hands, she settled herself on her cushion, determined to show him where he was wrong.

Six weeks had taught Esmond a good deal about his future wife. He knew better than to argue with her now. Two days ago she'd

SINGLE MINDED

Helen held very decided views on wartime marriages

By...
CELIA BEVERLEY



"Esmond! Esmond!" she gasped. "I was frightened you were hurt."

them. "Not a house I would have chosen, of course," said the major.

"Still, I think your wife will find it very easy to look after," said Helen, as she peered into cupboards and inspected, with appreciation the brand-new gas stove.

"Do you really think she'll like it?" He was almost pathetic in his eagerness.

As they went from room to room together, Helen couldn't help feeling a pang of envy for the unknown Mrs. Hartley. She could have her home and her husband even now, in wartime. She and the major were of that lucky generation which had married before the last war. They had shared together the years between.

Helen tried to picture herself in this house, settled down and married to Esmond. That was what marriage was—a life together. Surely she was right to keep their marriage as something deserving their best, not something tacked on to their separate war jobs.

"My wife must have a home," the major said as they finally locked the front door behind them. "That is one thing I have always prided myself on being able to give her."

"That's what all husbands feel—really feel, I mean?" Helen put the question anxiously

said she'd marry him; perhaps in time she'd get used to the idea of marrying him while the war was still on, and forget her firm conviction that a wife's a worry to a man on the high seas.

He rose and pulled her to her feet. "I don't know anything, darling, except that I love you. I want to marry you now."

The question was still in Helen's mind when she set off the next morning with Major Hartley to walk to Little Mopsley, where there was said to be a furnished house to let. As the major prattled on about his wife, Helen was holding an imaginary conversation with Esmond.

If they were married what would their

life be like? She in the W.R.N.S. and he in the Navy—with only the tenuous thread of letters to link them together. Surely that was too much for marriage—surely it was better to wait.

"I must consider my wife," the major's voice broke in on Helen's thoughts. There it was again. Just what Helen had tried to explain to Esmond. She didn't want him worrying about her or considering her now. He had enough worries of his own in his job.

Helen dragged her thoughts back to the present as they turned into a road flanked by rows of ugly villas.

They let themselves into number twenty-five with the latchkey the agent had given

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

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Single Minded

Continued from page 3

"Of course, naturally," he answered, not bothering to elaborate the obvious. Helen sighed. Almost she had hoped he would assure her she was dead wrong in her idea about husbands.

"When is your wife coming to join you?" she asked as they left the house.

"I shall get on to the agent to-day, and if I can make suitable arrangements, I shall telegraph her to join me at once."

They parted at Miss Pringle's door. "The major went out to see the agent, and Helen got her bicycle out of the shed. She had promised to meet Esmond at the 'Green Dragon' for lunch.

The "Green Dragon" was filled with the usual crowd of Service men and girls. Esmond was already there, and had staked a claim to a table by the window.

"Heard the latest?" he asked, when they were seated. "Tubby Davis and Betty Hearne have just got married."

"But Tubby is on embarkation leave!"

"All the more reason to get married now," Esmond's voice held a faintly belligerent note.

Across the table Helen met his eyes, and all at once the pent-up sense of frustration which she had felt all that morning welled up and burst out.

"You think it's because I don't love you that I won't marry you now. Can't you see that it's be-

cause I do love you? Look at Major Hartley. Where shall I put my wife—I must consider my wife. Why, it's like a theme song, the poor man never thinks of anything else."

"Darling, are you trying to say that I'm like the old ass?"

"Well, all married men—" she began, but Esmond cut her short.

"When you start generalising about married men you simply don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"It's obvious that you don't know what I'm talking about, so there's not much point in my saying any more." She stood up abruptly, suddenly feeling that she must get away.

Esmond had risen, too, but he made one last effort. "Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps the major likes to worry about his wife?"

Helen turned and looked at him over her shoulder as she reached the door. "Don't be so—so stupid, Esmond," she said in a tight voice.

Esmond's face, as he followed her outside, wore the expression of a man who has stood all the nonsense he can. "I'd wait for years if there was any sense in it," he said curiously, "but there isn't, and you know there isn't. You'd better find yourself a man with a house and a reserved job—that's what you seem to want."

"When I do get married I won't pick a pig-headed, obstinate, unreasonable nit-wit." She drew his ring off. "You'll no doubt be wanting this," she said, "since you're in such a hurry to get married."

The satisfaction of that parting shot carried her along for about five minutes of her homeward journey. For the rest of the day she was submerged in miserable gloom.

It wasn't until the next evening that Helen met Mrs. Hartley. She had brown hair and brown eyes, and she was wearing a brown dress—but they didn't give her an appearance of drabness as they might have done in a less vital person.

"Come here by the fire, dear," Mrs. Hartley said hospitably, pulling up another chair. "My husband has been telling me how helpful you were to him when he was looking at the house in Little Mopsley—we've taken it, you know—it will be nice to be together again."

She sighed contentedly. The major glanced across at his wife with a smile that for some reason reminded Helen of Esmond.

After she knew her for a few days Helen began to wonder whether she had been altogether fair to Mrs. Hartley. Seeing her with her husband it dawned on Helen that Mrs. Hartley wasn't quite the clinging vine that she had imagined. It was true he made the decisions, but, whether he knew it or not, Helen could see that most of the ideas came from his wife.

She'd had one short note from Esmond which didn't do much to cheer her.

"I'm still in a hurry to get married," he wrote, "to get married to you. I'll be back on the fifteenth, but unless you feel as I do I'm afraid we'd only quarrel again if we arranged to meet. But I'll leave that for you to decide."

The fifteenth was the day on which the Hartleys were moving into their house. It was Helen's free day, and she decided to spend it helping them to move. If she let her thoughts stray to Esmond she might be weak enough to telephone him, and if she telephoned him she might easily be spineless enough to say she'd marry him right away.

So on the fifteenth she firmly put all thoughts of Esmond out of her head, and after breakfast plunged with Mrs. Hartley into an atmosphere of packing boxes.

They were doing up the last boxes when the telephone rang.

"I'll answer it," Helen sped down the stairs telling herself that it couldn't be Esmond—not after the note he'd written.

It wasn't Esmond, but someone at the county hospital asking for Mrs. Hartley.

There was apprehension in Mrs. Hartley's face when Helen told her. "The hospital," she said. "Why—who—?" She hurried down the stairs, and as Helen followed she could hear the quick staccato of urgent questions, then the click of the receiver.

"Helen, dear, where are you? Harry—my husband—he's just been brought into the accident ward—a road smash." As she picked up a

bus time-table Helen saw her hands were trembling.

"They say he's not injured," she went on, fumbling for her glasses, "just suffering from shock. Here, you look," she thrust the time-table into Helen's hands, "while I go and put on my hat. I must go to him at once—thank goodness, I was here when it happened."

Helen took her to the bus stop and heard the rest of the story as far as she knew it.

"He was driving himself at the time," said Mrs. Hartley, "and apparently came into collision with—"

Just then the bus came in sight, and Mrs. Hartley began to run. Helen barely caught her final words "... a young naval officer on a motor cycle."

Esmond! Helen stood paralysed. Esmond was to have come back to-day!

She knew it was silly to jump to the conclusion that it was Esmond—the place was simply stuffed with young naval officers. But it might well be—and they would never let her know. That was the thought that kept hammering in her brain.

Even if she were still engaged to Esmond—she was not his wife. She was not his next of kin. She was nothing. She had no place at all in his life. He might be dying at this moment, wanting her—needing her, as Major Hartley had needed his wife.

She saw now the secret of Mrs. Hartley's self-assurance. She was no millstone round her husband's neck. She was his prop, his pride, the centre of his life. And when he needed her, she did not fail him.

By the time Helen got home she was swamped by the certain knowledge that all her fine-sounding theories about leaving Esmond free and single-minded were just crazy when placed beside the inescapable, solid fact that they loved each other.

She was very near to tears when she picked up the telephone at Miss Pringle's and rang the hospital. But it seemed that no naval officer had been brought into the accident ward. She rang Esmond's billets and got no answer. There were one or two other hospitals where he might have been taken.

"Who would never have told you what?" he asked, mystified.

"They wouldn't," she repeated unhelpfully. "I can't stand this any longer, Esmond. We've got to get married, we've got to get married at once. Oh, darling, it's awful not being married to you."

Just for a moment Esmond was stunned. But only for a moment; without stopping to work out the more obscure details, he gathered Helen into his arms, knowing that somehow or other victory was his.

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A HOUSE IN BARBARY SQUARE

By...

D. K. Findlay

HE was dreaming and someone was knocking at his door. Through the mists of sleep he knew it was still the middle of the night—if he kept quiet it would all slide back into the dream. A light dazzled him and he threw an arm across his eyes, muttering.

"Wake up, Mr. Pickersgill."

So now his name was Pickersgill. That was odd, for it used to be Lawrence, but he was too bemused to care. He was sinking back into his feather-lined cloud when someone began to shake the bed.

"Whassat, huh? Whatist?"

"Are you awake?"

He made a sound between sleep and a snarl. He squinted up trying to locate the centre of disturbance. It seemed to be moving away toward the door. He knew then it was all part of a dream in technicolor, for a lady in purple with the most marvellous golden hair was walking across his floor.

A sound brought him wide awake at last and he sat up staring at his door. He would have sworn he heard it close.

Aroused by the reality of his vision he got up and peered out. The corridor was black, the house was quiet. He got back into bed and, after a time, went to sleep.

Barbary Square lies in the west of London, a suburb of handsome facades facing green squares from which the iron railings have been removed. Number 44 was one of a row of similar houses—tall, narrow, brown brick, chimney-potted, with delicate fanlights and white door-steps.

The row was not complete. The second-last house had been removed by a bomb and the borough had made the foundation into an emergency water-storage tank.

Sam Lawrence, attached to an American mission in London, had come to Number 44 by chance. A friend of his who had returned to America had a room there and Sam had taken it over rather than go house-hunting. He had hoped to live among his own countrymen; he found himself cast away among the English.

He had only been there a week. Another week, he thought, would drive him bats. It seemed to him that Number 44 housed the queerest people he had ever met.

There was Mrs. Campion, a fluttering gentlewoman, who was a landlady only because she owned a house and nothing else. There was Colonel Tenchley, retired, with a yellow skin and frozen eyes, who kept a bulldog. There was Perdrie, the shillest wonder, a weedy youth whose accent set Sam's teeth on edge, who seemed to be accorded status as a human being.

In a different class there were Mrs. Cherril and her giant daughter Violet. For the rest they were mainly middle-aged, weather-beaten folk, depressed by long hours of work. The only friend Sam had made in the house was 'Arriet, the lively little Cockney maid.

When Sam came in to dinner that night the menagerie was grouped round its small tables, feeding. He usually sat at a small table by the window. There was a girl there with shining fair hair and a skin like a young peach. Sam stared.

Mrs. Campion fluttered up. "Oh, Sylvia, this is Mr. Lawrence of America. Mr. Lawrence, this is Sylvia Cromer, who has been away on her holidays. Dear Sylvia," she said and fluttered off.

"Hello," said the girl.

"Good evening." He sat down and looked her over cautiously. "Look, you are real, aren't you? My nerves aren't playing tricks again?"

"Again? Do they often play tricks?"

"I've seen you before. I had a dream last night—you walked through my room wearing a purple cloak and a golden crown."

"I wore an old purple sweater," she

said, laughing. "No crown. Are you always as hard to waken as that?"

Apparently this strange girl did not care if everyone knew she was strolling about his room in the middle of the night.

"You were there, then?"

"Oh, yes, I didn't know Mr. Tibbets had left. His was the name after mine on the roster, so I went to waken him."

"On the roster?"

"Fire-watching roster."

He groped but these were words without meaning. "I know I sound awfully dumb, but would you mind explaining some more?"

"Not at all. In this house, we take fire-watching in pairs. Each pair takes four hours' duty. Mr. Tibbets, your predecessor in your room, and I were paired. I used to take the first two hours, he the second. Before you go off watch, you must see that the next person is awake. Sometimes Mr. Tibbets was pretty hard to waken, too. It is all quite voluntary, you know, but everyone here takes it in turn."

"You mean that all these old—I mean that someone here is ware and waking every hour of the night?"

"From blackout to sunrise. It wasn't just a social call." She was smiling as she slipped her napkin into its ring. "I just invented the Pickersgill. Lawrence is much nicer. Have you been long in England?"

"About two weeks. Go on—ask me how I like it."

SHE smiled, then asked: "And how do you like England, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I don't. The whole place gets me down. The money, the food, the people." He lowered his voice: "Just take a gander round this room. Would you say this was a typical English group?"

"Yes, rather. Except that I think the people in this house are more agreeable than most and get along well together. Don't you?"

"I never saw a queerer bunch of characters—and when I say characters I mean eccentrics."

She made a bubble of clear laughter and rose. "It couldn't be home-sickness, could it? I'm going upstairs to make coffee in my room. Would you like some?"

"Coffee! Real coffee? Lady, I'm right on your heels."

She made coffee on an electric grill. He drank thirstily. "It's not just good—it's wonderful! Perhaps England isn't so bad after all."

"Tell me about our queer characters."

"Well, for goodness sake, look at them for a moment. Take any one of them. Take Colonel Tenchley. You say good-morning to him and he looks at you as if you had a nerve speaking to a real colonel like that and five minutes later he says 'h'm' to his bulldog. Then there's Mrs. Cherril and her daughter Violet—Violet, what a name! If you say Violet and her mother are a perfectly ordinary English mother and child then I'm going back on the next boat."

"Listen. One night I came in rather late. The stairs were in darkness. I pressed the switch, and there were Mrs. Cherril and Violet sitting on the stairs in their nightgowns. Just sitting there in the dark. I asked if there was anything wrong, and Violet said no, everything quite all right, thank you; and they just went on sitting there. What do you make of that?"

"Well, they weren't actually disturbing anyone, were they?"

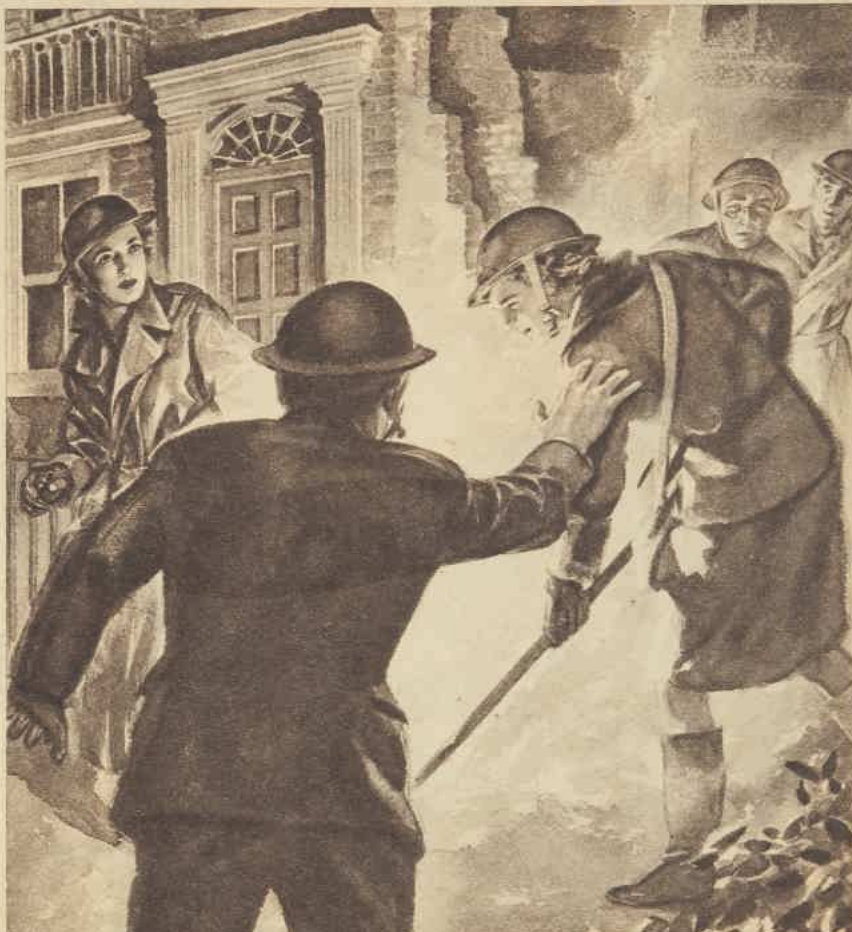
"That's not all. Next day 'Arriet handed me a bunch of chrysanthemums or daisies or something, with Mrs. Cherril's compliments."

"That was very sweet of her. She is very fond of flowers. And I'm very fond of Violet and her mother."

"Sam looked at her and gave it up. "Okay, okay. Tell me some more about fire-watching. Perhaps I can understand that."

"Someone in the square is always awake."

"And if there is a raid?"



Sam sprinted forward, as Mrs. Cherril bent toward the bomb.

ing the reception of the new bombs, they continue to deal with incendiaries as they were accustomed to. "But I say—" protested Miss Whittaker. But the meeting was breaking up into knots of people who began immediately to talk about the latest change in food points, the wonderful Russians, and the state of the dahlia beds in the square.

Walking home, Sam thanked Sylvia as for a treat. It was wonderful, he said, to see the English character in its full gaudy bloom. "Haven't they any imagination? Can they guess what it will be like if explosives are dropped with incendiaries? That Mrs. Pettapiece—she's so cute I'd like to keep her on the mantel for an ornament, but has she any conception of what happens when a bomb goes off?"

Sylvia gave him an odd look. "I expect so," she said. "She was through the blitz."

It was to be a whole week before fire-watching duty came round for them again, and it seemed to Sam a long time to wait. He waylaid Sylvia one evening and suggested that he might be of more use as a fire-watcher if he knew something about it.

"Righto," she said. She took him downstairs to the area where the pumps, the spades, and the long-handled snuffers were kept. She showed him how an incendiary could be smothered out with sand or extinguished by the spray from a stirrup-pump.

A curious feeling came over Sam. She was a pretty girl, with a clear title to romance and good times, and here she was in a dingy basement room handling rusty tools. It was monstrous that she should be exposed to the violence of bombs.

"They went round to the warden's post in the next street. The post was sheltered in the basement walls of a strong old house."

"Hi-ho, Mr. Coverley. This is Mr. Lawrence, of Vermont, checking up on Civilian Defence. Just put on a raid for him, will you? He wants action."

Please turn to page 20

particulars about him in her notebook. "Praise be," she said, "another able-bodied man!"

The residents of the square turned out for the meeting. Looking round, Sam saw that most of the heads were grey. The young men were few. There was Sam and the vacuous Perdrie Robins, a young naval sub-lieutenant in tow with his mother, and three or four others.

The meeting began when Miss Whittaker indicated a sketch on the blackboard.

"Here is another little surprise Jerry has thought up for us. It is a new type of incendiary."

She described the new type. The point was that it could not be smothered in sand or extinguished with their old friend the stirrup-pump. It was definitely dangerous to approach it without cover.

"Oh, dear," murmured a ladylike lady in pince-nez, "just as I had acquired a definite feeling of confidence in dealing with the other little horrors."

Then Mrs. Pettapiece, a small, white-haired lady with a lilt in her lovely voice, said she expected it would be quite all right, these things appeared much more dreadful in prospect, that when the bombs arrived they would find a way.

Miss Whittaker said the authorities were experimenting, and when the new technique was decided upon, they would be instructed. In the meantime, they advised waiting for a short period—say, four minutes—in order to give the bomb time to explode, before treating it as an ordinary incendiary bomb.

Thereupon a Mrs. Hawkrider said that Barbary Square knew what happened if you left an incendiary alone, even if the authorities did not. She moved that until they received precise instructions regard-

"You hop off to the warden's post in the next street and say 'Sector eight'—that's us—'on watch.' Then you come back and listen for whistles; the wardens blow their whistles when bombs are coming your way. So you stay in the street or up on the roof, somewhere where you can see, and if any incendiaries fall you put them out."

"Just like that! And if any big bombs fall, I suppose you coolly heave them into sector nine. Have you been in many raids?"

"Yes, rather. I'm a deputy warden."

She got up and went to the dressing-table, where she ran a comb through her hair, carelessly, as if it were anybody's hair and not a shining, wavy miracle. She had good legs, too, long and shapely and dancing legs. Somehow he had thought that America had a corner on legs like that—it was nice that they were distributed round.

"It's time for the sector meeting," she said. "Are you coming?"

The meeting was held in a flat next door. Sylvia introduced Sam to a Miss Whittaker, who took down

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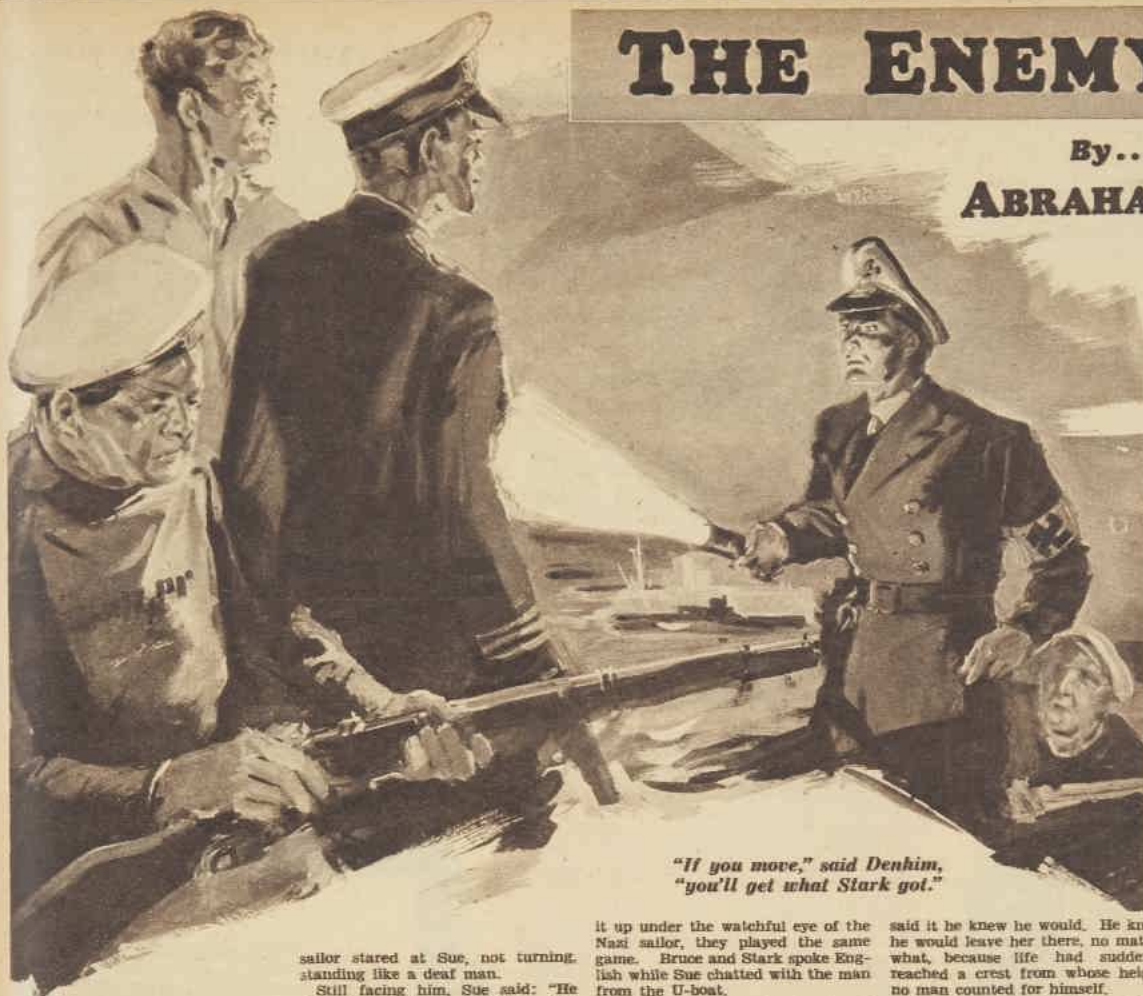
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THE ENEMY SEA

By...

ABRAHAM POLONSKY



"If you move," said Denhim,
"you'll get what Stark got."

sailor stared at Sue, not turning, standing like a deaf man.

Still facing him, Sue said: "He doesn't understand English. You talk to Stark, Bruce; I'll talk to the sailor in German." And smiling at the Nazi she began to speak in German. He smiled and answered her.

"How do we stand?" Bruce asked. Stark held the coat out to Bruce, who took it and examined it.

"There's no chance now." The even voice of the steward had no excitement in it. "They've got all the men locked away, and we can't get to them. There's no way to escape now."

Bruce asked, "Would it do any good if we escaped to the island, Stark?"

"If we tried to swim, maybe," Stark replied.

"How?" Sue moved back and took her coat. She said something and the sailor laughed and spoke. She said, "He says he has to report right away."

"If we get to the island, do you know where we would be? Could you find out?"

Stark said, pointing to the coat as if he were talking about it, "I come from the keys off Florida. I've hunted and fished there. I know the place. If we can get off this boat, we can make the mainland. The islands go across to the mainland like stones across a pond."

Sue started to put on her coat, and Stark began backing away.

"Then we'll chance it," Bruce said. He smiled falsely. "Try to get back here later."

"I'll be back," Stark said.

They lived a long time that afternoon, closed away in Rebow's cabin. They didn't have the courage to speak of feeling, or love. They spent the time like two very young people getting acquainted for the first time.

Stark came in with another tray at dinner time, and as he set

it up under the watchful eye of the Nazi sailor, they played the same game. Bruce and Stark spoke English while Sue chatted with the man from the U-boat.

"Is there a chance for you to get back to-night?" asked Bruce.

"Sure," Stark replied easily. "But what about Miss Tennant? Can she jump off the boat and swim to the island. Can she swim with us from island to island?"

Bruce picked up a slice of bread. What about Sue? What about leaving her to face Denhim and the others even if the escape were successful?

"She'll have to stay on," Stark lifted the tray, and placed it under his arm. "She'll never make it. It's one ten-mile swim after another."

Sue interrupted them: "Isn't there anybody else?"

"No," Stark said. "I can't get to anybody else. You and Mr. McCloud are easy to get to. Captain Rebow lets me come here."

She said, "All right. We'll be waiting."

STARK went out and the sailor locked the room again. "I'm not leaving you here on the ship," Bruce said. "I'm not getting off and leaving you behind to drown with the rest."

"You're not trying to escape," she said. "You're trying to save us. Two have a better chance than one. And I don't think there'll be much rejoicing here when you and Stark get away, if you do. They won't dare drown us. They won't know what to do."

"I'm not going," he said. She sat down and very calmly began to eat. "Eat something," she said. "We've got plenty of time to talk."

"I'm in love with you," he said. "I'm not leaving you now." "It's for the others." She bit into a slice of white bread. She scooped up beans on her fork. "If Larry and the others aren't exposed, this game'll go on forever."

"But you," he said. "You."

"Never mind me," she replied calmly. "I'm not worth much. I've been a fool for a long time and I'm paying for it. But you've been wonderful, Bruce. You've been the one." She put the fork down, and an intense, strained image flashed across her face, and suddenly she was in his arms. "When I think of never seeing you again, I want to live, Bruce. I wasted all those years, and now they're gone."

"I won't go," he said, but as he

said it he knew he would. He knew he would leave her there, no matter what, because life had suddenly reached a crest from whose height no man counted for himself.

She drew away from him, calm again. She sat down and prosaically ate the beans. "You have to go," she explained, "because Larry said there were bigger things coming, bigger things that he could do in Washington."

Bruce shrugged his shoulders, but he couldn't look into her face. "All right; I'm going. I'll go."

A sudden shout floated in through the open portholes.

Bruce got up and looked out. "Sue," he said. "Look, Sue."

She came to his side and they watched. In the distance, a sandy island floated into view, and behind it another and another. There were spots of green, a small rise of rubble and bushes.

"This must be it," he said. "But where are the submarines?"

They gazed at the waves which made a line of ruffles along the beaches. The water was blank, the island still, lifeless, uninhabited.

By now the Arrow had slowed down, and just gently nosed in between a rise of sand and a turmoil of water. It came to a halt about two hundred feet from shore. Anchor was dropped.

"So that's the island," Bruce said. "A fly couldn't hide on it. Stark's crazy."

They waited in silence while the evening gathered and began to beat the darkness down on the sea and shore with its heavy, furry wings.

And then from the portholes, going from one to the other, Bruce and Sue saw the silent shapes rise from the sea. The U-boats rose, and the movement of men and voices began, everyone working in the twilight, in the gloom. They heard the pumps begin to sound.

"Where's Stark?" Sue asked. She moved round the room. "If you two only had some guns or something."

But Bruce sat in silence, listening to the noises, knowing he would have to leave her on board, knowing he would go. They didn't speak, but she put her arms about him suddenly, suddenly kissed him, and just as suddenly let go.

And then, faintly through the other noises, they heard the door of the cabin being opened.

"Hey." It floated in a whisper to Bruce.

"Stark," Bruce whispered back. He got up and moved swiftly to the cabin door.

"Help me pull him in," Stark said. In the gloom through the half-open door Bruce could make out Stark leaning over a limp figure. It was the Nazi sailor, and Bruce helped drag him through the door.

"Shall we tie him?" asked Bruce.

"He's dead," Stark said. "I've got his gun and a hand grenade. But that's all. It's all he had."

"Never mind," Sue whispered. She took Bruce's arm, holding him tightly. "You've got to escape, not fight them. Go on."

"Miss Tennant's right," Stark handed the bomb to Bruce, who held it awkwardly. "Just pull the pin out and throw it. That's all." He was at the door again. "Come on."

Sue pushed Bruce forward. But he turned to her, holding back, not afraid of anything but leaving her.

"Please," she said. "What'll happen to you if we get away?"

"Coming?" Stark called softly from the half-open door.

Sue pushed Bruce away, and without a good-bye he followed Stark through the door and heard it close behind him.

The wind blew on the deck, and all round them dark shapes moved, and the sound of engines going came to them.

"Listen," Bruce said in Stark's ear, "there's no way to stop now. We've got to take chances."

Bruce went through the gloom. Suddenly a group of German sailors surrounded him, talking German. Bruce moved ahead out of their midst. His heart was tight in his chest and he breathed with difficulty, but no one noticed him. The sailors moved away, carrying boxes to the head of the stairs going down to the main deck. Bruce turned and followed them. He wondered where Stark was, and suddenly the steward appeared out of the darkness.

"Where's the best place to jump from?" asked Bruce.

Please turn to page 14

BEAUTIFUL young photographer, SUE TENNANT, and reporter BRUCE MCLOUD are assigned to cover a trip of the oil-tanker Arrow, on which LARRY DENHIM, Sue's ex-fiancee with whom she quarrelled, is a gunnery officer.

Sue thinks at first that her love for Larry has revived, but she later finds that he is actually a Nazi agent, who, with CAPTAIN REBOW, has orders to betray the tanker into German hands.

Falling in at sea with a German submarine, they take on board a number of German officers, who seize the Arrow's crew, then proceed to conduct it to a remote island, where it will refuel a number of German submarines, then will be torpedoed, with Bruce, Sue, and all its crew aboard.

Bruce and Sue desperately try to think out a plan of escape, making ingenious excuses to talk with STARK, Rebow's negro steward, who seems to be their only ally. They are discussing their plight, imprisoned in Rebow's cabin, when the door opens.

Now read on:

FACING back, shoulder to shoulder, Sue and Bruce saw Stark come in, followed by a Nazi sailor and his inevitable submachine-gun.

"I've got your coat, Miss Tennant," Stark said. Quiet, easy, he came forward, offering the tweed coat Sue had asked him to fetch.

"You. You." Sue pointed to the sailor. He looked at her out of his rigid face.

"There's someone behind you," she said. "Look. The captain."

Bruce saw no one there, and the

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World Y.W.C.A. leader on visit to Australia



ENGLISH VISITOR, Mrs. Arthur Grenfell (left) at tea with Mrs. W. D. Walker (Y.W.C.A.), Third Officer Phyllis D'Arcy Irvine (W.R.A.N.S.), Flight-Officer Betty Rapke (Y.W.C.A.), Lieutenant Betty Charlesworth (A.W.A.S.), Miss Betty Diamond (Y.W.C.A.).



MRS. CHURCHILL, who is a personal friend of Mrs. Grenfell, presenting a bravery award to a raid heroine.

Expects to enter Europe soon after military invasion in vast reconstruction army

Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, vice-president of the world Y.W.C.A., now visiting Australia, expects that after her visit here her next work will be to go into Europe with the army of reconstruction that will follow the invasion.

"It is almost frightening to think of the amount of reconstruction work to be done and the problem to be faced," said Mrs. Grenfell. "We are being so careful to train only people who appreciate all the hardships ahead. For there is still that most uncertain factor—how will we be received? It will take all our resources of courage, tact, and Christian faith to pull us through."

MRS. GRENFELL'S one regret is that her visit to Australia coincides with the most tremendous happenings in English history and that she is not able now to be among those lending a helping hand.

"I have come at the invitation of Lady Gowrie and with the full approval of the Queen and Mr. Churchill to tell the Australian people something of the problems being grappled with in England, to express appreciation for all the Dominions are doing to help, and to take back a picture of their war effort," she said. She travelled via India, Burma, East and West Africa, Egypt, Persia, and Iraq.

Mrs. Grenfell's only personal link with this country is that one of Adelaide's main streets, Grenfell Street, is named after her husband's grandfather, Pascoe St. Levan Grenfell, an English M.P., anti-slave advocate and supporter of William Wilberforce.

The trim, modern, grey English Y.W.C.A. wartime uniform with blue epaulettes and blue triangle emblem worn by Mrs. Grenfell is a poignant contrast to her old-world graciousness of manner and her ethereal appearance, fair fluffy hair, blue eyes, and cupid's bow lips.

But mentally and spiritually she is up to the minute and keenly looking forward to the exertions of work in Europe.

Quite reluctantly she admits that she was painted during the last war by Gerald Kelly, R.A. "But I have not come to talk about those things," she adds. "Life is so serious and urgent now."

Has four children

MRS. GRENFELL has four children, three step-children, and thirteen grand-children, two of whom are twins, born since she left home.

Two sons are majors, one in Burma and one with General Montgomery's armies.

The post-invasion reconstruction army is known as "Covarr," she says. The name signifies Council of Volunteers for Relief and Rehabilitation. It will work at distributing supplies taken to Europe by Unrra (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association).

Volunteer organisations, all of international character and with Christian foundation, which are sharing in Covarr are the Red Cross, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., Save the Children Fund, Society of Friends, and British and Foreign Bible Society.

All are undergoing strenuous training in special Government courses in languages, history, phil-

Mrs. Churchill's Zeal

MRS. GRENFELL is a personal friend of Mrs. Churchill, as well as being associated with her in Y.W.C.A. affairs.

"The personal attention given by Mrs. Churchill to every small detail of her Y.W.C.A. work is typical of her in all the wartime activities she undertakes as wife of the Prime Minister," said Mrs. Grenfell.

"She is president of the Y.W.C.A. wartime fund, and has often rung me up at eight o'clock in the morning to discuss some urgent or knotty point connected with the fund."

osophy, and customs of the area to which they will be despatched.

The Y.W.C.A. Training School in London, of which South Australian Anne Bignell is principal, is running special courses for leaders for Covarr.

First job will be medical relief and food. After that there will be rubble to be cleared away and housing structures to be built.

"Later we shall have to start building up all the disrupted social services of the countries freed."

"We shall have to be so careful which nationalities we send to serve the various stricken countries. Representatives of neutral countries will probably have to go to Axis States, and so on. It is going to be a terrific undertaking."

"For a long time the reconstruction army will work under military control. They will wear their own association uniforms, but will have an identifying disc."

"The currency to be used is one of the big problems still to be worked out," added Mrs. Grenfell. "One of the things that our members must appreciate is that although we may have much to teach the European countries, they will also have much to teach us. After all the horrors and agony they have suffered they will have learned much of spiritual things that will be good for us to learn."

Post-war reconstruction in England has already moved ahead, says Mrs. Grenfell, with special emphasis on the children. A Government survey was made of the child situation, which revealed that about 40 per cent. of the children were running wild, as a result of bombings, evacuations, and mothers working at munitions.

To overcome this, the Government has instituted the Service of Youth, for children between 11 and 16 years of age.



MRS. ARTHUR GRENFELL, vice-president of the world Y.W.C.A., who is on a tour of Australia at the invitation of Lady Gowrie.

Girls wear navy-blue skirts and forage caps and white blouses, and boys navy pants and forage caps and khaki shirts.

Girls take lessons in all home crafts, and the boys do useful work in hospitals and institutions besides collecting salvage and performing messenger duties. Their general health and nutrition are cared for.

Boys and girls from 16 to 18 years of age enter pre-service groups to prepare them for national service.

The Y.W.C.A. has led in the Service of Youth movement, and

large recreation rooms and hostels have been thrown open to boys as well as to girls.

"One extraordinary thing we have noticed," said Mrs. Grenfell, "is that when there is any little inside domestic job to be done the boys rush to do it."

"On the other hand the girls are showing marked preference for outdoor work."

"The total womanhood of England has been mobilised," added Mrs. Grenfell. "Selfishness, laziness, greed are being pushed out for the hideous things they are."

"We are in the grip of a grim and searching situation, and the women are standing up to it well."

Mrs. Grenfell has brought seven-

ral messages from people in England to Australians, and has delivered them herself.

Pretty Verna Bell, of Dandenong, Victoria, is one of the happiest girls in Australia at present because Mrs. Grenfell brought a message from her fiancé, Sergeant-Pilot Jack Milne, R.A.A.F., whom she met at the Boomerang Club in London just before she left.

Mrs. Grenfell wrote to Verna from Perth, and in Melbourne sent for her to give the message personally.

In Melbourne, Mrs. Grenfell was particularly interested in a visit to Grenfell House, which has been so named in honor of her visit.

It is the latest Y.W.C.A. residential club to be opened in Victoria.

One very interesting section of the Y.W.C.A. War Services work in England mentioned by Mrs. Grenfell is the use of mobile vans which go out to deliver comforts to the remote posts where girls are serving in the forces.

I am asking Mrs. Grenfell to express my greetings to the Y.W.C.A. of Australia, the sister Association of the British Y.W.C.A., of whose War Time Fund I am proud to be President.

I know well how rich is the contribution which the Y.W.C.A., and the other Voluntary Organisations are making to the War Effort of Australia, and also how much they will be called on to help in the reconstruction period when the War ends.

As they confront this immense task I should like them to know how deeply we sympathise with them and how close is our sense of partnership as together we fight that Truth and Justice may prevail over Tyranny and Hate.

Signature of Churchill

PHOTOGRAPHIC copy of the letter brought by Mrs. Grenfell from Mrs. Churchill as a message to the Y.W.C.A. in Australia.

OUR COVER: Red Cross Air Race

Our cover design this week symbolises the Red Cross Air Race by which money is being raised in New South Wales for the funds of the Red Cross.

RED Cross branches are competing in the race to International Red Cross Headquarters at Geneva and back.

The "planes" each with two pilots aboard, are symbolised by little flags on an air map. Each mile travelled represents a shilling raised or donated to the branch.

The plane which travels the greatest number of miles by a certain date is the winner.

On the cover, Alf Fischer, staff artist of The Australian Women's Weekly, shows one of the racing "aircraft" pouring out its precious freight of silver coins into the lap of a Red Cross Voluntary Aid to enable the corps of self-sacrificing Australian women which she represents to

carry on its work among sick and wounded servicemen.

Small branches in lonely outposts are competing against those in large country centres and metropolitan areas.

Staunch spirit

IT is a giant undertaking for them, in their limited field, even to attempt the task of winning, but such is the spirit of these little bands of Red Cross volunteers that they have not only entered the race but intend to be right up with the leaders in the last lap.

In Victoria, a similar air race is being planned for later in the year. All over Australia now special appeals are being made for Red Cross funds.

In South Australia, workers are holding a State-wide Miss Red Cross Competition to raise money for

their divisional headquarters general funds.

They hope by the time the competition ends in August to have accumulated the greatest amount of money ever raised in South Australia for the work of the Red Cross.

In Queensland, Red Cross branches opened their special half-yearly drive for funds with a successful Red Cross Week in Brisbane from May 15 to May 21, and have now started all over again with plans for other money-making schemes to be held later in the year.

Everybody knows of the wonderful work the Red Cross is doing to save the lives of our wounded in forward areas and to bring comfort and cheer to them in hospitals and convalescent camps.

Not everybody stops to realise that this vast job cannot go on without the pennies donated by generous citizens.

To-day the scope of Red Cross work is so great and the demands upon it so urgent that every citizen in the Commonwealth is asked to spare something for the general funds.

Editorial

MAY 27, 1944

THE CHINESE FIGHT ON

AMID preparations for the Second Front, new American landings in the Pacific, savage thrusts and counter-thrusts on the Indian border, China fights doggedly on.

The Japanese have now invaded China's "bread basket," Honan province.

But the Chinese have kept up the struggle already for nine years, and they will continue it as long as their enemy remains undefeated.

Since the Japanese closed the Burma Road, all war supplies have had to go into China by air.

These supplies are valuable, but as compared with the volume of armaments being directed against the Japanese in the Pacific, they are only a tiny trickle.

The way the Chinese are making do with these odds and ends of guns and ammunition is one of the epic stories of all time.

American artillerymen have been flown across from Burma to instruct Chinese guerrillas in the use of the new guns.

Tattered soldiers, drawn from many sectors of the Chinese front, gather in a remote valley and glean from these instructors, through an interpreter, the elements of aiming and firing.

They then have to return and instruct their fellow-warriors.

The scheme seems pitifully makeshift.

But it reinforces the astonishing resistance the Chinese are putting up.

They keep 30 per cent. of Japan's armed forces continuously engaged.

China's part in winning the war must not be forgotten when the time comes for peaceful reconstruction.

Her people must be given a chance to build a new and better life that will express the dignity, the tirelessness, and the tremendous courage of their race.

—THE EDITOR

R.A.A.F. troops in island landing . . .

Bayonets used to dig foxholes in jungle

Transport and arrival of R.A.A.F. ground staff on an island well north of New Guinea, recently captured by the Allies, are described in a letter this week.

The many false starts, nights of discomfort and final settling-in are described by LAC Frank Hines in a letter to his mother, Mrs. G. Hines, 16 Margaret Street, Granville, N.S.W.

"WAITING to go on to the ship, we were hauled out of bed at midnight. Into a couple of trucks we piled with our gear and off into the starry night, which was not to last.

"The drivers of the trucks did not know where to go, so we drove here, drove there; in fact, I think we just toured northern N.G.—such a pity it was not in the daylight.

"Anyway, we finally arrived back where we started, the rain falling steadily.

"Having gained so-called information, the drivers set off again. Wet through, we drove on and on, until finally the drivers gave up and bunged us into an open tent, not a mile from our original camp. Huddled into this tent the two units squatted, too tired to talk. Came dawn after a night that seemed ages, and our sergeant got breakfast for us at a Yankee camp nearby.

"We gathered our traps and trudged back to the place whence we started, a bedraggled mob of sixty, soaked through, mud from head to foot. A sorry lot we looked.

"Some Yanks thought we were troops just back from the front.

"A Yank Navy mob took pity on us, and gave us a feed—pork chops, fresh vegs, fruit salad, and lemon drink. Gosh! such food we'd not seen since we hit the tropics. The U.S.N. eat and live like kings.

"We sailed at eventide, joined up with the convoy and headed north once again. On a crowded ship of Yanks, the R.A.A.F. were the only Aussies, and the farthest north-going troops yet.

"The trip was a smooth, a very calm sea and quite an experience. I enjoyed it very much, even though the meals were hard rations, very hard, known as American K. Sea Rations.

"At lunch-time on the third day we came in sight of our island. We had to stand off-shore for some time, and had a grandstand view of those filthy Japs being bombed. Later in the afternoon we boarded landing barges and made for the beach.

"A classy remark overheard from a Yank in his typical drawl: 'Thank God we've the Aussies here to establish a beachhead.' Bilme! The poor, inoffensive R.A.A.F. unit's expected to do such a job.

"However, to proceed, we landed on the beach, now pretty safe.

"We lugged our kitbags up a narrow road, heading for a sleeping place. At last we came to it. There facing us was a solid wall of thick jungle, so we had to set to and clear it all with our bayonets. Then we had to set to digging foxholes to sleep in; long enough for our bodies and six inches deep—all dug with bayonets and scraped out with the old tin hat.

"We stopped in this area ten days or so, spending our days souvenir hunting.

"We gathered quite an amount of Jap propaganda tripy leaflets. Gosh, some of the things on them are really crazy. They must think we're a mob of drips.

"On the second morning that we were there a Jap, cut off, came out of the jungle and was promptly riddled.

"This took place not 30 yards from us.



THRILLING MOMENT for Pilot-Officer Stan Whitby, Old., when he received his wings from Group-Captain Richards in Canada.—Photo sent in by his mother, Mrs. C. Whitby, 309 Lancaster Road, Ascot, Qld.



R.A.A.F. CRICKET TEAM somewhere in the Pacific. Standing, l. to r.: LACs Reed, Summers, Lee, Cpl. Sanders, LACs Gilday, Channell, Little, Muttoner and Alexander. Seated, l. to r.: LAC Campbell, Cpl. Coleman, LACs Lombe, Pacey (captain) and Walsh (vice-captain).

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For letter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

"Next afternoon a Yank spotted two Nips hop across the road. Within three minutes or less a mob was there, pumping lead into the jungle.

"Not to be left in the cold I grabbed my rifle and gave chase. The boys opened up every time a glimpse of them was seen. They retreated, it seems, to their foxholes in the jungle, then some Yanks went in and promptly dropped some grenades into their lair. So much for that.

"Came the day when we were to move to our site on the other side of the island.

"Our camp this time was a bit better, though everyone was on the alert for the first few nights. Nothing moved after dark or itchy fingers were ready to let fly a hail of slugs.

"Our camp is set up by the shore, but in the jungle, all cleared by a bulldozer, so now we have a really good area surrounded by an impenetrable jungle except for tracks leading to Nip foxholes, which showed signs of hasty retreats.

"We have our camp set up nicely and are now at our set work."

Pte. M. G. McMasters, in New Guinea, to Sgt. K. Harrison, somewhere in Australia.

"We landed in between two great mountains, and I said to myself, 'If I ever get out of here alive I'll eat my hat.' But after you're here awhile you get used to it.

"Boy, are these mountains high! But there are some striking views. The tall trees and the plantations covered with tall kumai grass present a delightful picture.

"There's always the thrill attached to the trail, too. As you wind round the sides of the precipitous mountain tracks, madly rushing streams, hundreds of feet below, send a cold shiver through the old system.

"This track reminds me of a scenic railway, and the big dipper at Luna Park holds no more thrills than crossing one of these frantic streams by means of a swing bridge, which heaves to and fro as you attempt to cross.

"We carry no light weight either; what with rifle, ammo and gear, we sure are weighted down. The natives carry most of our sleeping gear and supplies.

"We are with the Yankee boys. Boy, it is sure good to be with them. We get about in their jeeps. They have the best of everything.

"We have had a few raids; no damage—they can't get close enough. But those Nips can handle their planes. It is just as well for us that we have such beaut pilots.

"There's plenty of fish in the rivers and every chance we get we go down with a few grenades. One of the boys goes upstream and throws them



THIS LITTLE PIG will make tasty meals for hungry troops. He is being carried by Gunner P. J. Webb, who sent the photo to Mrs. H. F. Webb, Argyle St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.

in, while we wait in a shallow place farther down for the fish to come floating by.

"Boy! They are beauties.

"The best catch we've had with one grenade was seven. They sure are good eating after bully-beef for weeks."

Steward A. M. Barton, of H.M.A.S. Shropshire, to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A FEW weeks ago we staged a show at the Admiralty Islands, and after we heaved over quite a few 'bees' for Tojo's little bonnet we proceeded to sea to observe the results of our bombardment.

"We made way for another cruiser to have a go at upsetting Nippon's traditional bowl of rice.

"By this time all magazine crews were allowed on the upper deck to witness the grand finale of the show. 'As the other cruiser was hurling salvo after salvo at its target, our microphone came to life with the familiar 'pipe of 'Tombola' is being played in the Port waist'.

"'Tombola' is commonly known as house-house, and is a favorite pastime on board.

"I thought it rather an insult to Nip's fighting ability, also a touch of the old Drake spirit which the Senior Service has never forgotten."

Cpl. B. F. Mooney, in Darwin, to his sister Joyce, 19 Gordon St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

FIVE others and myself comprise an entertainment committee, and it is our duty to put something different on each Saturday night for the boys.

"At present we are working on a super-duper concert.

"I am in the ballet and also a couple of skits.

"The ballet is the funniest thing imaginable. Well, Joyce, you ought to see it. We're done up in gaily colored crepe paper frocks and picture hats, sandshoes laced with ribbons, besides lipstick, eye pencil, or whatever you call it, and face powder.

"To date, we are going to show it at five different places, including a nearby hospital, so you can see it if more or less the goods."

(Corporal Mooney weighs seventeen stone.)

LAC E. Smith, in New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. J. D. Smith, 80 George Street, Thebarton, S.A.

"LAST Sunday I went to a race meeting and met George (the brother in the A.I.F.) Gee, Mum. It was a good turnout.

"It was run in proper style, too, with bookmakers, clerks, and officials.

"They also had mule races, too. Mum, well, you never have seen anything so funny.

"It reminded me of Oakbank, where there were all sorts of cars and trucks loaded up with the boys from everywhere, and, what do you think they had chalked on the sides, '2/4 return to the races'.

"Well, we had the best time of our lives since being up here, and finished up by winning seven out of the ten races."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 24: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, May 25: (From 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reece presents "Radio Chatterbox."
FRIDAY, May 26: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reece in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, May 27: Goodie Reece presents "Radio Chatterbox."
SUNDAY, May 28 (4.15 to 4.30): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, May 29: Goodie Reece's "Ladies From Down Under."
TUESDAY, May 30: "Musical Alphabet."

Return of radio writer

Maurice Francis, who before the war was one of radio's most prolific script writers, has returned to 2GB after four years in the Army.

HE is now writing "First Light Fraser," popular serial heard from 2GB every Monday to Thursday, at 7.15 p.m.

Francis wrote the original scripts of "First Light Fraser," and in taking up the threads again he promises listeners something new in the way of adventures.

The first of his series takes his audience to Mexico, where Fraser (Richard Ashley) and Kay Lawrence (Lyndall Barbour) meet with many extraordinary experiences.

In the Army, Maurice Francis was a member of a transport unit. He enlisted as a private, and became a lieutenant. His opportunities for writing or producing were very limited, and he has been happy to find that his long absence from radio has not affected his rate of writing.

Before the war he used to turn out 45 quarter-hour shows a week.

He does not wish to try to break this record, but hopes to give the public entertaining shows.

Mr. Francis claims that in the past too little attention was devoted to music and sound effects, and the hours should be spent on selecting the music for a quarter-hour show so that it blends with the situation.

Commenting on the progress of radio, he said: "The listening public demand entertainment of a higher standard now, and they are quick to note slipshod or bad production."

"Producing a radio show is very much like conducting an orchestra. The producer's ear must be tuned to every intonation, every pause, so that the final production is harmoniously blended without a single jarring note."

"This, of course, involves extra strain on the producer, but it is worth while to have a finished production."

"The family serial still seems to be the most popular of all radio sessions," said Maurice Francis.

FILM GUIDE

★ **Johnny Come Lately.** James and William Cagney, as star and producer, respectively, have turned out an endearing film about small-town politics at the turn of the century.

Cagney is excellent as the care-free ex-journalist, but the elderly stage actress, Grace George, steals the honors in her screen debut. Other fine character players are Marjorie Main, Hattie McDaniel, and Edward McNamara—Empire; showing.

★ **Let's Face It.** In view of the capable cast, Paramount's musical is slightly disappointing. Even the inimitable Bob Hope is not quite up to his usual hilarious standard, despite excellent teaming with harum-scarum Betty Hutton. However, the story is bright, and builds up smartly to an entertaining climax—Prince Edward; showing.

★ **The Heat's On.** Mae West, of the undulating figure, blonde curls, and throaty voice, stages a comeback in this otherwise attractive musical. On the credit side go Xavier Cugat's band, Hazel Scott's magic at the piano, and sparkling comedians William Gaxton and Victor Moore—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDEAKE: Master Magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, get mixed
up in the wrestling game because
SHARPY: A manager, tricks Lothar into signing
a contract.
NAILS: A gangster, falls through Mandrake's
intervention, to force Sharpy into giving him
a half-interest in Lothar. Meanwhile

MR. JOE: A fight promoter, decides to sign
Lothar and The Champ for a match. Nails
bets Sharpy ten thousand that Lothar will
be too scared to show up to fight The Champ,
then kidnaps Lothar, intending to keep him
until after the fight.

NOW READ ON:



CHIEF, THERE'S TALK AROUND THE STREET
THAT LOTHAR'S DUCKING THE FIGHT WITH
THE CHAMP.

YEAH? CHECK UP
WITH SHARPY.



MR. SHARPY, I'M FROM THE
GAZETTE. WHAT'S THIS TALK
ABOUT LOTHAR RUNNING OUT
ON HIS FIGHT WITH THE
CHAMPION?

LOT OF ROT!
LOTHAR'S AT HOME.
HERE, I'LL LET YOU
TALK TO HIM.



LOTHAR ISN'T HERE,
MR. SHARPY. HE WAS
RESTLESS--AND WENT
OUT FOR A WALK LAST
NIGHT. HE HASN'T
COME BACK. I'M
A LITTLE
WORRIED.



"RESTLESS--WENT OUT FOR A
WALK"--HE TOOK A WALK,
ALL RIGHT! LOOKS LIKE
I'VE GOT A STORY,
SHARPY!



HO HO--SO THE BIG
COWARD RUNS AWAY!



BUT, MANDRAKE,
WE GOTTA
FIND HIM!

SORRY, SHARPY, I HAVEN'T THE
SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE HE
WENT.



AND WHILE THE SPORTS WORLD BUZZES WITH
THE SENSATION, LOTHAR LIES HELPLESS IN THE
HANDS OF NAILS' GANG!...



SHARPY, WHAT GOES ON WITH
THIS LOTHAR BUSINESS?
WHERE IS HE?

HONEST TO
GOODNESS, JOE,
I DON'T KNOW.



MANDRAKE--
WHERE ON
EARTH IS
LOTHAR?
I'M GOIN'
CRAZY!

YOU'RE NOT STUPID ENOUGH
TO BELIEVE HE'S AFRAID OF
THE CHAMPION? DON'T
WORRY! HE'LL BE BACK.



YEAH? LISTEN--JUST A FEW
DAYS AGO, NAILS BET ME
TEN THOUSAND LOTHAR
WOULDN'T SHOW
FOR THE FIGHT!

WHAT?



IT'S NOT LIKE
LOTHAR TO GO
AWAY WITHOUT
TELLING ME.
THAT MUST BE
THE ANSWER!
NAILS!



HEY, NAILS, HE'S
STARTIN' TO
COME TO!

DON'T USE MY NAME,
STUPID! I DON'T WANT
HIM TO KNOW WHO WE ARE!

TO BE CONTINUED

WISECRACKING WACS



SINGING THE WAC SONG, "The Wac is Back of You." It was composed by a U.S. orchestra leader, Phil Spitalny.



"CHOW." Wacs refer to all meals as chow and hungry ones describe themselves as "chowhounds." This meal was their first on arrival in Australia.



"WHAT'S IT LIKE?" Waiting for the order to disembark, happy and excited Wacs crowd round the bus for their first glimpse of their barracks in Australia.

First big contingent of servicewomen from U.S. for duty in operational areas

Australian men have a chance to balance any debit incurred by Allied courting of Australian girls. Now they can return the compliment when they meet American Wacs.

For the Wacs (Women's Army Corps) are already favorably impressed by Australian men. On the ship which brought them to Australia was a number of R.A.A.F. boys and the girls voted them "divine dancers" and think their accent "cute."

THE first big contingent of Wacs to reach this country, they are mostly pocket editions, shorter, on the average, than Australian girls, with a high percentage of pretty faces, and 100 per cent of gaiety and cheerful wisecracks.

They were thrilled with everything they saw from the moment their ship sighted land.

The Australian airman, absent for four years, who leaned on the deck rail and said: "I could chew a piece out of that coastline right now," found the Wacs, in a different way, shared his excitement.

Australians on board, anxious that the girls should know of our manpower difficulties, had prepared them to find a certain amount of enforced civic neglect.

"Why, it's the cleanest city I ever saw," said one. "What a lovely park," said another. "I thought your parks would be all overgrown."

Their bus drive through Sydney was punctuated with exclamations:

"Look at the lovely flowers . . . Look at the cute little kids . . . Look how they spell tyres . . . That's a pretty girl—seems like plenty of competition . . . Is this your fall (autumn)? . . . Oh, kids, look, hamburgers!"

"I catch on why you call 'fall' autumn. Nothing falls," said Technician (fifth grade) Madeline

Thompson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Until she saw a gum tree she had thought fir trees were the only ones to keep their foliage in winter.

Meeting the "boys from back home" at a welcoming dance was the highlight of an exciting arrival. "Oh, boy! she's from New York State," shouted four privates as they converged on one girl.

"Where's someone from Oklahoma? I can't find a girl from Oklahoma," chanted another as he wove his way in and out of dancing, laughing, and chattering American men and girls.

In some corners girls compared notes on their knowledge of Australian currency. Others studied dance programmes, issued by the organisers, which advised against the use of some words in polite use in the States, but highly unladylike in Australia.

Most of the Wacs in this first contingent are stenographers and clerical workers. They will work with the U.S. Army in operational areas.

They receive the same pay as U.S. soldiers from private to full colonel.

Their officers are a fine type of girl, attractive, and highly intelligent, and many have interesting civilian backgrounds.

Among them are some naturalised Americans of foreign extraction. One, Lieut. Villa Ruditsky, wears the ribbon of the Czechoslovakian Medal of Honor, conferred on her by the Czech Government-in-Exile. Though born in America, she went



BOTTLE OF POP enjoyed by Pte. Virginia Moorman, of Milwaukee, at a dance given to welcome Wacs by the American Red Cross and U.S. Special Services Division.



BEFORE LINING UP for "chow" S/Sgt. Emily Geibel, of Pennsylvania, sterilises her aluminium mess gear. This is routine practice before meals.



LOADED DOWN with gear, cheery Wacs look plumper than they really are. Their all-purpose overcoats are waterproof and lined with wool.



BROTHER MEETS SISTER. Cpl. Robert Day and P/F/C. Wilma Day met for first time in three years.



DECORATED. Lieut. Villa Ruditsky wears the ribbon of the Czech Medal of Honor.

CHEERY INVASION



FIELD KIT: Wacs disembark in full field kit complete with ankle boots.



RADIANT SMILE from Texan Bevelly Cletcher.

(First Class) Wilma Day, whose brother, Cpl. Robert A. Day, of the U.S. Army, was at the wharf.

"She's the best pin-up girl I've seen," said Robert. "I've got two more like her back home in Alabama."

It was three years since they had seen each other.

None of them knew they were bound for Australia until two days after the ship had left port. All sorts of rumors had flown round.

"It got so that someone spread a story the Wacs had been brought for ballast and would be thrown overboard," said one of them.

There were evidently still some rumor-spreaders left as the ship was nearing Sydney Heads, for one Wac came on deck and said: "They tell me we've been passing through the loveliest tropical islands."

An Australian airman cracked back: "Then they must have sprung up specially for your welcome."



FIRST BIG CONTINGENT OF WACS to arrive in Australia, these girls are chiefly clerical workers and include some transport drivers. Wacs are also serving in every combat area where U.S. personnel are stationed. They come from all parts of U.S.



FROM BUS WINDOW Sgts. Charlotte Nelson, of Omaha, Nebraska, Hallie Phillips, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and Pte. Ollie Mae Johnson happily acknowledge welcome of Australians who waved to them along the route.



DANCING. Lieut. Nina Matlevo, Russian-born, with Lieut. Fred Boudeman, of Michigan, at a party given to welcome Wac officers.



MOVING INTO QUARTERS. Lieuts. Elizabeth Flanagan, of Waco, Texas, and Virginia Barton, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, carry in their luggage.

U.S. arrive

Czechoslovakia when six months old, there until 1939, when she escaped a concentration camp after German occupation.

From she went to France, and repatriation of the decorations while in France she met some other people from Czechoslovakia.

Her name is Czech. Her own father dead, was born in England and her parents. Her stepfather the Czech section of the U.S. Army; her stepfather Rudolf Bechyne, is a member of the Czech Government in London.

Lillian Ostrowski is happy to be closer to the front, for a special personal reason, too, for desire to see the enemy defeated.

In the Nazis lined her aged grandmother against a wall in Lublin, Poland, with all the family, except one son, a Polish pilot, whom the Germans threw into a concentration camp.

When their fate came to Laura Ostrowski family in the United States, Polish patriots who had tried to escape.

Then the Ostrowski clan had been co-operate with the invaders had been "extinguished," they put it, as an example to other citizens.

Translated films

During the Wacs, Lieut. Ollie Mae Johnson, of Michigan, worked in the Chicago film company.

Another with a film background is Lieut. Nina Matlevo, Russian-born, who has lived for many years in Hollywood before joining the Wacs.

She worked as a translator. With English friend she translated dialogue from the French to the "Algers."

One of her great friends is George, an English actor, and his screen name is Tom. His mother, she said, is a film star.

Two army commanders who were sent to come to Australia, Elizabeth Flanagan, of Waco, Texas, and Virginia Barton, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Colonel of colonels in the United States Army.

Along up, Lieut. Barton, a fourth generation American, was for a time the chief staff of the "Saturday Post."

The daughter of Olive Roberts, a prominent U.S. actress, who has written syndicated stories for the Scripps-Howard newspapers for 30 years.

At Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of the most popular writers in America.

Elizabeth Flanagan, whose father is in the Tank Destroyers, is the Wac as soon as she is sent.

When the girls are married, they hope to meet their husbands in the South Pacific. Among them, Elizabeth Flanagan, of Waco, Texas, and Virginia Barton, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Flanagan, of Waco, Texas, and Virginia Barton, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, carry in their luggage.

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Continuing . . . The Enemy Sea

from page 7

"I've got a rope tied to the rail. We can ahiny down," Stark whispered. He went down the stairs, and Bruce followed him.

Stark halted at the rail outside the forecabin door. "Here," he said softly.

"Are you a good swimmer?" asked Bruce.

"Swim like I walk."

"Then you go first," Bruce said. "I'll cover you."

Stark was over the side in a moment.

Bruce put his hand on the taut rope and felt it strain with Stark's descending weight. He stood there, leaning casually against the bulkhead.

Steps came down the length of the deck, and a blue glare made a circle of advancing light. Two men stopped in front of Bruce. They spoke to him in German, and just then he felt the rope relax beneath his hand. It twitched twice.

The sailors spoke again, harshly. Bruce put his hand in his pocket, took out the grenade. He found the pin and withdrew it. Then he held the grenade out, as if it were an explanation. One of the sailors took the object.

And Bruce jumped.

As he whirled in air, he heard a shout and an immense burst of noise. Cold water hit his face, smacking hard, solidly, and he went through.

It was only a few hundred yards from the Arrow to the island beach, but for Bruce it was a slow swim. His clothes were heavy—shoes, trousers, jacket—like sea anchors. He moved slowly, looking back constantly. A dome of smoke still hung whiter than the darkness over the Arrow, and he could distinctly hear voices in German and English.

Then across the surface of the cove, he could hear the talking, the pumps going as the Arrow crammed oil into the U-boats. And then a new noise supervened. A steady rhythm of sound, of wood on iron on wood; ears. And almost at his very head Denhim said: "He had

all his clothes on. We'll wait for him on the beach."

But the whaleboat was about thirty yards away. As Bruce trod water, just staying at the surface to breathe, not trying to get ahead, he could see the looming mass of the whaleboat, pass and someone standing in the stern.

The voices came clearly: "What happened with that bomb? Where did he get it?" This was Eddy's city voice, sharp and twisted as his mind.

A German was speaking English now, probably a submarine officer: "Mr. Denhim, I don't know where he obtained that grenade. It was one. It exploded like one."

Eddy again: "Why didn't your men chuck it overboard after that . . ."

"The man was a frightened fool," the Nazi replied. "He saw the grenade in his hand and just threw it right into my men. Three are dead, two wounded badly. How did he get that grenade?"

"I'd like to get my hands on him," This was Eddy again.

And the whaleboat moved ahead. Bruce could see it against the ruffle of white at the beach-head. Then it slid in. He heard them getting out.

Denhim called, "String out about fifty feet apart. When you see him coming in, shoot."

It would be a long swim all round the island, and dangerous, too, since Bruce didn't know where he was. The hump of hill rose blacker against the blackness, and Stark probably was there on top waiting for him. But Bruce felt he had no strength for a long swim. He could let himself be caught, if they would bother catching him, and give Stark a chance to get away. And for a brief, weary moment, he considered it. But the answer was made by Stark.

A burst of shots illuminated the air. A man howled on the beach. And the air was crowded with firing. The noise moved off to the left. The Nazis were doing the shooting

now, but once in a while a single shot would sound from farther off to the left. It was Stark making a diversion, and Bruce swam hard. His feet hit the sand, and he crawled to the beach and looped away to the left.

He ran heavily and slowly along the sand, breathing hard, a pain catching at his chest. He was winded, but he moved on doggedly, slowly moving inland.

Far off, almost across the water it seemed, there came an aimless shot, then a profound silence. Bruce stopped, crouching, listening. He heard the whimper of the sea and the neat, isolated noise from the submarines and the Arrow. No bird, no animal pricked the air, until at his very feet almost, a calm voice said, "Sit down, Mr. McCloud. We've lost them."

A hand came out of the darkness and pulled him gently down, and Bruce lay flat, breathing the damp, sandy earth, his cheek upon a stone. His whole life was breathing, only breathing counted, but he heard Stark talking: "After you get your breath, we'll make for the other side of this island. From there to the next one is about ten miles."

"I'll never make it," said Bruce. "Well," Stark said, "I'll swim ahead, and you follow with a big hunk of driftwood or something. Or," and his voice brightened a little, "maybe we can sneak back to the beach below and get the life preserver."

"The life preserver?"

"Sure," Stark said. "I had a life preserver that I pushed ahead with the gun and ammunition on it, and I nearly lost the whole thing when that bomb went off." His voice dropped suddenly. "Here they come," he said, dropping lower.

Bruce hugged the ground along-side him.

"I think you got one."

"I only winged him," Stark said. "You can't see to shoot at night." Below, there was the sound of voices, Denhim's voice, indistinguishable.

"They can't find us in the dark," Stark murmured, "but they'll search like mad to-morrow. The whole plan they've got is a goner if they don't find us." He laughed again, without humor. "Those guys won't dare make for home with any fancy story if we're not accounted for."

"They listened, and they heard the oars moving faintly. They could barely make the whaleboat out moving to the gathered mass that hung like an island off the shore."

"Let's get going," Stark arose. They skulked back behind the rise and started down along the other slope.

"It's about half a mile to the other side," Stark explained, going ahead.

They walked without speaking, and Bruce thought of Sue waiting in the captain's cabin, facing the angry Nazis, facing them all, and having to say nothing. And those others in the crew, pumping the oil out, maybe a few of them getting knocked around, because the Nazis must be furious.

His feet started to wallow in sand again. They were on the beach, and he could see the black sea hanging away from the black shore.

"We'll wait for daybreak to start," Stark said. "Meanwhile, you take all your clothes off and spread them on a bush to dry while I go back and try to find that life-preserver."

"Take it easy," said Bruce. "Don't worry about me. You warm up. If you sink your hand in the sand a little you'll find it warm."

Stark disappeared. There were a few sliding steps, and silence.

Bruce bent over to unlace his shoes, when the sound of a stone rolling off frightened him. He knelt tensely, listening.

A burst of shots rent the air and the sea. There was shouting from the other side of the island, and Bruce began to run toward it. He made for the top of the hill, but as he passed a mound of rock, Denhim's light voice called, "Stand still."

Unarmed, alone, Bruce halted. His mind sickened with the thought of how they had been tricked into believing the whaleboat had returned to the Arrow.

"If you move," Denhim said, flashing his torch, "you'll get what Stark got."

There was no place to move to, so

Bruce just waited. Figures had materialised out of the darkness around him—Arnold and two sailors. They searched him, and then Denhim pushed him ahead. "Go on."

They walked in silence over the hill and joined a small group on the shore. There were three bodies on the sand, Stark, Eddy, and a third man.

"Well?" asked Bruce.

"Well?" Denhim repeated. "Get into the boat. You're going to have the honor of drowning with the rest."

They pushed Bruce roughly into the boat, and Arnold, who sat near him, said, "So you thought we went back to the ship, did you? You've been more trouble than anyone else."

But Bruce's mind was with Sue, waiting to see her again. He felt the terrible resignation of defeat, and somewhere in his heart he longed to be Stark, already dead and out of it.

They stood on the catwalk that ran above the length of the main deck, and although the Arrow was moving out of the cove into the gulf again, they knew that the journey was over. Hours of night still lay before the morning, and these hours were fixed, and final for Sue and Bruce. So, leaning on the catwalk railing, they stared at the dark water and the dim outlines of the island.

Sue asked, "Where do you think they're taking the Arrow?"

"Us, you mean," he said. "I don't know. Not far."

Soft, silent, the passage of the tanker turned up a ruffle of wind, and it skirted his face. She was staring at the open gulf, at the flat darkness. He could see the paleness of her face as all faces were pale in this gloom. He saw the two U-boats lying side by side not far off, and not moving now.

The motors aboard the tanker stopped, and the big ship shifted a little from side to side, out of a strange weariness, it seemed. Men moved below on the deck, and the submarines ran alongside. Bruce heard the Nazis coming aboard again, and Arnold called, "You two. This is it."

But Bruce and Sue remained where they were, watching from their post the movements on the dark deck. There was a murmur of voices, and one of the lifeboats was swung over the side. It hit the water with a flat crash, and the voices sounded again.

VE B-Y nice," Bruce said wryly. "A lifeboat from the Arrow arriving at the mainland. The captain, Denhim, Arnold, and three weary sailors, all of them dressed in torn clothes, oily, weary. A tale of heroism. We were torpedoed in the dark of night. I don't know where the other boats are . . . the flaming sea. Another victim of the war."

Rebow's voice came from the main deck: "Mr. McCloud, Miss Tennant." The voice was firm and unemotional. "Will you come down?"

"Let's go," she said bluntly.

He followed her along the narrow walk, and then down to the main deck. A ring of men standing there broke open as they approached. Nazi sailors were grouped about the crew, and Denhim, Rebow, and Arnold were talking to a sub-officer.

"It's time for saying good-bye," Denhim said. He had himself under control now. He was his old self, confident and cool.

The Nazi officer turned to Denhim: "You and the others can get in the lifeboat and we'll tow you close to the mainland. It's not far. But we have to go right away before the day comes."

"We're ready," Denhim said.

Two men approached from the stern of the ship, a big, fat man and an armed sailor.

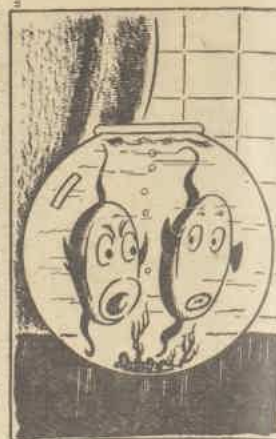
"Here's Robbins," said Rebow.

It was the fat engineer. He was dirty, dishevelled, but quite calm. When he saw Sue and Bruce a big smile opened on his pleasant face. "We were praying for you," he said. "I hear you nearly made it."

The Nazi officer said to Robbins, "Would you and the other officers prefer to be locked below by yourselves or with the men?"

Robbins laughed. "You hear that, McCloud. You hear the incredible dignity of the official mind? He's afraid it isn't dignified for officers to die with their men."

Animal Antics



"Just where were you last night?"

Denhim said stiffly, "Lock them all in the storeroom with the others." "You're going to get caught yet," Robbins said. There was no strain in his voice. "You're going to get caught, Denhim. It won't last forever . . . Coming, McCloud? Miss Tennant?"

Rebow spoke to the Nazi: "Shall I send our men below to open the sea cocks? I think we ought to make sure."

"I'm going to torpedo," the Nazi said.

"We ought to make sure," Rebow maintained. "You fellows go below and open the valves."

The three betrayers of the crew moved off and disappeared in the gloom.

Two Nazi sailors carrying their sub-machine guns formed the escort for Robbins and Bruce and Sue.

Denhim stopped them. "One minute," he said.

They all stopped.

Denhim approached them slowly. He murmured, "Wait."

"Let's go," Sue said flatly.

But Bruce put his hand on her arm. There was the wildest, the smallest chance that Denhim in his vanity might open another chance for someone to get away. "Yes, Denhim," he said.

But Sue cried harshly, "Save your speeches for the dead."

Denhim stopped.

Sue marched with her two men, not looking back.

"Getting one tanker like the Arrow every few months can keep an awful lot of subs going," Robbins was discussing the affair like a man safe at home.

"What have you fellows been doing all along?" Bruce asked this as if he had returned from a vacation.

"Scheming," the engineer answered. "But we never had a chance."

"How many subs refuelled?"

"Eight, I think, unless I missed count. What a covey for a plane to flush."

"We're still forty strong," suggested Bruce.

"I've been thinking of it," Robbins was final. "They've got them all below and you have to come up one at a time. There's no chance for a last-minute rush. They've planned it."

Sue said, "Look. See what I have." It was her little camera.

"Where did you get it?" Bruce asked. "You didn't have it a minute ago."

"I asked the captain for it, and he gave it to me."

Another Nazi sailor was guarding the steel door that led below, and as they approached it he swung it open. From within there came a strange, lost murmur of voices.

Robbins stepped aside and Sue went below. She went swiftly, without hesitation. Then Robbins entered, disappearing into the dim well of light.

It was Bruce's turn. He took a last look round, and then with an abrupt movement entered the doorway and went below. The door slammed closed. It locked. He stood there listening.

There was a curious clanking that ran through the innards of the boat. The sea valves, Bruce thought. They were open now and the water was coming in.

To be concluded

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1000TH Anniversary
Out of 2,899 questions set . . . these brilliant youngsters have satisfactorily answered 85%.

QUIZ KIDS 2GB Friday 8 P.M.

FIRST LIGHT FRASER

"First Light Fraser" meets with many new and astounding adventures in colourful Mexico.

7:15 p.m. Monday to Thursday... **2GB**

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week and those just ahead will produce opportunities and good fortune for most Geminians, Aquarians, and Librans, so every effort should be made to achieve desired goals and changes or promotions.

Numbers of Leonians and Arians should benefit somewhat, too.

For Virgoans and Pisceans, these weeks may produce unexpected obstacles, delays, worries, and upsets, unless patience and wisdom are used.

Sagittarians are strongly advised to take care of all valued things, whether material possessions, friendships, or jobs.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 27 may prove surprisingly fortunate, as watch for opportunities and gains then. May 28 (night) fair, May 29 (to midday) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Avoid over-confidence now, but consolidate past gains and changes. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) very fair. May 30 fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Opportunities for gains and promotions through hard work. May 23 fair. May 24 (morning) good; rest of day poor. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) helpful. May 27 very good. May 28 fair. May 29 (morning) fair.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Routine work; better days ahead. May 25 (late afternoon) fair. May 27 helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Plan for future and work hard. May 23 fair. May 24 (early morning) good; (balance of day) poor. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) fair. May 27 very good. May 28 (morning) poor; (night) good. May 29 (morning) good. Balance tricky.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be on guard to avoid worry, upsets, and setbacks, especially on May 23, 24, and at night on May 25. May 26 difficult. Avoid change, discord, and delays.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Romance may smile on Librans this week. May 23 (day) good; (night) fair. May 24 (day) morning) good; (evening) poor. May 25 excellent. May 26 (day) fair; (night) good. May 29 (morning) good.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Routine best now. Plan ahead for better times. May 25 and 26 (late afternoon) fair. May 29 (evening) helpful. May 30 (morning) helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Avoid risks, big changes, excitement, rashness, and extravagance. Avoid opposition, partings, and upsets. May 23 poor. May 24 very poor. May 25 (afternoon) poor. May 28 poor. Routine advised.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 23): Keep to ordinary affairs. May 25 and 26 poor. May 28 (after 4 p.m.) fair. May 30 (except midday) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 24 to February 19): Make good use of early hours on May 23. Balance fair. May 24 (except noon) fair. Plan ahead for the better opportunities. Give up work.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Difficulties, annoyances, delays, and upsets possible now, so live quietly. May 23, 24, 25, 29, and 30 can be difficult.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"It's got to be a very nice handkerchief. He's giving me a diamond bracelet."



**FASHION
FROCK
SERVICE**

Fashion PATTERNS

F728 — Very, very smart contrast frock. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds. dark and 1½ yds. light. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

"LOIS"—attractive maternity frock and jacket

Fashioned in two materials, rayon flax crepe (in shades of pink, blue, royal, navy, green, or black), or in rayon staple fibre (a woolen-like cloth) in grey, sage-blue, lido-blue, or wine. The frock is made with a dressy shirtmaker top, adjustable waistline, and full-length sleeves. The jacket is sleeveless, with fullness at front.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/11 (23 coupons); 36, 38 and 40in. bust, £3/11 (23 coupons). Plus 1/6 postage.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/11 (21 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £4/4 (21 coupons). Plus 1/6 postage.

How to obtain "LOIS": In N.E.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 34988R, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.



F609—Just the frock for office or morning shopping. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3154

F3154 — Draped day frock, charming, slenderizing. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F728



F654

F654—Well-cut winter suit. Note interesting lines of jacket. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6771 — Youthful, snappy contrast suit for winter. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds. plain and 3½ yds. check. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3203—For midwinter wear. It looks warm; it's smart, too. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Send your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (not patterns) to "Pattern Department" in the address in your State, at under:
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Box 1400, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1500, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers use money orders only. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Needlework Notions

COMFORTABLE COSTUME FRONT

This smart, all-over costume front comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on lovely fabric for cutting out and making up. The material used for the front is flat crepe in shades of pink, blue, royal, green; also white. The back is made of rayon crepe-de-chine in white or a shade to tone with the crepe. Small pearl buttons are suggested for fastening the front.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 10/6 (2 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 11/3 (2 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.

When ordering this front please ask for No. 473, and be sure to state size and color desired.

SLIMMING CAMI-KNICKERS

With the pattern traced clearly on a lingerie satin in a lovely pink, blue, or white, these dainty cami-knickers are all ready to cut out and stitch.

They feature an uplift bra-riety top, panel body, and an attractive floral embroidery motif for working.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 11/11 (2 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 12/11 (2 coupons). Plus 5½d. postage.

When ordering these cami-knickers, please ask for No. 474.



473



474



AMERICAN BRIDEGROOM. Lieutenant Lewis Waldo, D.F.C., U.S. Army Air Corps, and his bride, formerly Ruth Chivers, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Reception at Roosevelt Club.



PHOTO FROM ENGLAND. Group-Captain Noel Heath, R.A.F., and his wife, formerly Nancy Fraser, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Evan Fraser, of Sydney, and East Grinstead, Sussex, leaving Carlton Hall Registrar's Office, London, after their marriage, which was celebrated on February 29.



CELEBRATING LEAVE. Lieut. Robert Brown, R.A.N.V.R., and Mrs. Brown dine at Prince's when Lieut. Brown comes on leave. Mrs. Brown, who was Pam Hupbers, of Brisbane, before marriage, and ex-Hopwood House girl, flew from Brisbane to greet husband.

On and off Duty.

AUSTRALIAN Service Movement already has waiting list of wives of servicemen when first hostel to be run by movement is opened on June 1.

Hostel is situated at Strathallen, Turrumurra. Accommodation for 50 women and children will be available. Scheme of movement is to care for children of servicemen's wives while mothers are in hospital, and care for wives themselves during convalescent period, as well as their children.

"**THINK** you'll have to send some of your Awas to U.S.A., as we American women don't think Australian women get enough publicity," says Mrs. Ely Palmer, wife of Consul-General for U.S.A.

Mrs. Palmer tells me American Wacs are sending news home about our womenfolk. "They think your women are just as fine as your splendid men. After the war American women will know much more about you," she adds. Mrs. Palmer entertains W.A.C. officers at Point Piper home when they pass through Sydney.

MOTHER'S DAY chosen by George and Jean Pratten for christening of their second son, Jonathan, at St. James' Church, Turrumurra. Small family party follows ceremony at Pymble home. Guests congratulate Jean's brother, Sergeant Keith McDowell, and his bride, who return from honeymoon, and George's brother, Gillie, also in line for congratulations on birth of daughter, Pamela. Gillie comes on to party after visiting Val at Wahroonga Sanatorium.

HOLIDAY in Canberra for Mrs. John Carroll, who stays in Federal capital with Mrs. Don Rogers while Don is away as secretary to Prime Minister (Mr. Curtin) overseas.



TOAST FOR BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Captain Donald Tier, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Lieut. Joyce Copland, A.W.A.S., toast each other at reception held at Union Hall dining-room, Melbourne University, following ceremony at Scots Church. Bride is elder daughter of Prices Commissioner (Professor Douglas Copland) and Mrs. Copland.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Darling Point, after their wedding, John Carter, ex-A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Roslyn Macarthur Onslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Macarthur Onslow, of Terrigal. Bridegroom is son of late Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carter, of Kikiamah, Young.

NO coupon troubles for Allison Grant, who plans early marriage with Lieut. Terry Arnott, R.A.N.V.R., when he arrives home on leave after four years' absence from Australia on active service.

Reason is Terry, who was recently mentioned in dispatches, has sent Allison lovely materials from different parts of call.

Bride-to-be, who is ex-Fresham girl, is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, of Pymble. Ceremony will be at St. Swithin's, Pymble. Allison's sister, Mrs. Noel Dampney, and Mrs. Don Wilson will be matrons of honor. Patricia O'Donnell, who was fellow Asamw with Allison when both were attached to Service with 116th A.G.H., will be bridesmaid, and Allison's young sister, Jennette, will be flower girl.

HONEYMOON at Macedon for Captain Donald Tier, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Lieut. Joyce Copland, A.W.A.S. Bride's parents, Professor and Mrs. Copland, lend country home to couple who leave professor's home in Melbourne University grounds in car filled with rose petals by Joyce's schoolgirl sister, Rosemarie, who is bridesmaid.

Professor and Mrs. Copland entertain bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Athol Tier, and Dr. Thomas Wood at luncheon on Sunday following wedding before Dr. Wood leaves for Sydney, where he is guest at Admiralty House.

NEWSY letter received by Mrs. George Twohill, of Edgecliff, from her son, Lieut. George Twohill, A.I.F., telling her details of recent marriage at St. Monica's Cathedral, Cairns, with Sister Monica Murphy, A.A.N.S.

Lieut. Mac Nathan, A.I.F., of Sydney, was best man. Couple now honeymooning at Innisfail. By the way, Mrs. Twohill tells me younger son, Sergeant Bill Twohill, A.I.F., on leave from New Guinea, has been mentioned in dispatches.



FOUNDATION STONE CEREMONY. Lady Gowrie, who laid foundation stone of Lady Gowrie Nurses' Home at Women's Hospital, Crown Street, entertained at afternoon tea following ceremony by Chairman Sir Henry Braddon (right), Mrs. Robert Dixon, and medical superintendent of hospital, Dr. M. Thompson (standing).



ANZAC HOUSE YOUNGER SET. Betty Snow, Betty Ames, and Mrs. A. C. Pitcher, members of newly formed Anzac House Younger Set, who will sell souvenir programmes at "Front Line Show"—official opening of Anzac House Appeal at Town Hall this Tuesday.

LOVELY canteen of community plate cutlery sent by Dame Mary and W. M. Hughes to Douglas Davidson and Frances Catta, who choose St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, for their marriage. Douglas, who is attached to American Army, and Frances honeymoon at Lapstone Hotel, and plan future home at Vaucluse.

GAY round of farewell parties for Lieut. Robert Wallace (U.S. Army) and Mrs. Wallace, who was Carma Aboud, before they leave Australia for America. Robert is granted a month's leave upon arrival home, and he and Carma plan holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wallace, at home in Erie, Pennsylvania.

CABLED news from Los Angeles to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Bedwell, of Seaford, from their daughter, Mrs. Milton Vedder, widow of Lieut. Milton Vedder, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, giving them news of the birth of her son. Mrs. Vedder, before her marriage last May at St. Philip's Church Hill, was Corporal Betty Bedwell, W.A.A.F.

TWENTY-FIRST birthday party given by parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Gerrard, for daughter Peggy, at their Northwood home. Peggy is a Kambala Old Girl, and for two years has been trainee nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

Interesting People

MISS A. WYNDHAM

... asthma aftercare

FIRST Government-sponsored almoner in N.S.W. is Miss Awdry Wyndham, who is attached to special asthma clinic recently started at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney. Most of the treatment must be carried out by the patients themselves and it is Miss Wyndham's duty to visit them and smooth out any social and economic difficulties.



S/LDR. S. W. DOBELL-BROWN

... hospital history

COMMANDING officer of R.A.A.F. hospital which made history by landing with shock troops at Aitape, New Guinea, 30-year-old Sydney doctor Squadron Leader Stephen W. Dobell-Brown was also responsible for its organisation. Completely self-contained, with operating theatre, X-ray, sterilising plant, hospital weighs only 35 tons, accommodates 80 patients. Squadron Leader Dobell-Brown was in New Guinea. Returned to join R.A.A.F.



MRS. KATRINA MILLS

... Red Cross libraries

NEWLY appointed director of library services at Australian Red Cross National Headquarters, Melbourne, is

Mrs. Katrina Mills, of Sydney. Her work covers co-ordination of library services in hospitals, convalescent depots. Before present appointment she was honorary assistant librarian to Red Cross in New South Wales. She studied at Sorbonne, Paris.





Movie World

● ELEANOR POWELL'S spirited tap-dancing has made her a favorite on camp tours. You will see her soon with Red Skelton and Jimmy Dorsey's band in MGM's "I Dood It." (Top left.)

● BARBARA BRITTON is one of Paramount's most popular young stars and a very enthusiastic worker at the Hollywood Canteen. Next film, "Till We Meet Again," with Ray Milland. (Above.)

● LOUISE ALLBRITTON is one of the tallest actresses in Hollywood, and Universal have capitalised on her height by giving her glamorous, worldly roles. Louise has been on camp tours in America and overseas. (Left.)



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Doan's OINTMENT is healing, antiseptic, and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming Eczema and other skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S.

Colorful Coney Island musical



1 EDDIE (George Montgomery) and pal, Frankie (Phil Silvers), call on ex-partner, Joe (Cesar Romero), who runs successful cafe.



2 WHEN Joe refuses to give pair a job, they open a side-show, and after Kate (Betty Grable) tries to ruin show, Joe sends men over to smash the place.



3 TRICKING JOE into making him his partner, Eddie wins Kate's dislike when he tries to improve her singing, but she soon realises that he is right.



4 KATE becomes a success, and consents to marry Eddie, but Joe, in love with her himself, pulls another trick, and Kate, believing his story, rushes from the church.



BEHIND the scenes in Hollywood, countless technicians are still hard at work... planning new screen triumphs for tomorrow... grooming new stars... creating new miracle aids to beauty that will make the women of the post-war world lovelier, more alluring, more exciting...

In the film capital laboratories of Max Factor, Hollywood, exciting innovations in the cosmetic field have already swept America, and only await happier days to be introduced into Australia. Until then you are asked to use your present supplies of Max Factor Hollywood Make-Up as sparingly as possible... and to buy only what you actually need.



Kolynos has been awarded the Gold Seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.

Do You Know?

The girl the hanging gardens of Babylon were built for, Amuhia, wife of Nebuchadnezzar, used a weird dentifrice. Beauties of her day mixed beer, oil, and sakibir plant together. Glamour girls of today know that dingy teeth and boy-friends just don't mix. They use Kolynos Dental Cream. Why don't you try it? Kolynos will give new gleaming loveliness to your smile.



Ancient Superstition. If you find the back tooth of a horse and carry it about with you all your life, you will never want for money. Modern Fact. You need only half an inch of Kolynos on a dry brush to clean every tooth in your head.



Tooth decay a sign of wealth? In ancient Egypt only the upper classes had decayed teeth. The teeth of peasants and slaves who ate rough, raw foods were perfect. These days anyone can keep clear of dental decay. Kolynos Dental Cream bubbles into those tiny interstices that your brush can't reach, removing food deposits that are the cause of decay.



5 CAPITALISING on his trick, Joe introduces Kate to a famous producer, who makes her big star.



6 SEEING Kate is still in love with Eddie, Joe reunites the couple by revealing the trick he used.

Gay carnival atmosphere

OPENING to the burly tempo of New York's famed and riotous seashore playground, the 20th Century-Fox film, "Coney Island," plunges immediately into a turbulent merry-go-round as both George Montgomery and Cesar Romero try to outsmart each other for the affections of Betty Grable.

There are some catchy new song hits, written especially for Miss Grable, as well as such nostalgic melodies as "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calumet—And You'll Jump out of Bed to the Morning Post of Vice. The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks hazy. Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

1/2.

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Victory may be costly but scenes like these remind us that our heritage is priceless. Australia is your country... Help to keep it yours. Invest every penny you can in it.

Message

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KAYSER

GLOVES—HOSIERY—LINGERIE

Tweeds are fashion firsts this winter

● A saucy felt hat with thick, rolled edge and self-cording round the crown teams beautifully with your winter suits.

● Interpreted in rough, toast-warm tweed, this smartly nonchalant box coat features a raglan shoulder-line and high, peaked revers.



● A stunningly tailored jerkin suit done in diagonal green and grey tweed, with jacket top featuring cardigan neckline and inverted pockets. With it: a soft shirtmaker blouse.

● This trim coat-dress is perfect for nearly all your winter dates. Designed in brown and beige flecked tweed on slender lines, with smart, three-quarter length sleeves. The plain, brown collar, cuffs, bow, and pocket edgings add distinction.

● For informal occasions what could be more charming than this snug, drop-shoulder vest done in gay tweed and nipped trimly into the waist? Wear it with a contrasting, long-sleeved wool blouse and a heavily ribbed skirt with slit pockets.

Rene.

AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

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During recent years women all over Australia have been successfully treated, by post, by the M. & S. Research Laboratory. The results reported are a message of hope to women everywhere... a grand feeling of general well-being when formerly almost unable to leave the house. The M. & S. Research Laboratory has published a booklet about this treatment. Write, call, or phone MA2601, and it will be sent to you free, together with a clinical chart, in which you record your symptoms so that you can be advised if the treatment can assist YOU.

Or if you wish, send 12/6 for trial course of treatment.

Our Clinical Advisory Service is Free and Without Obligation.

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M.U.O.F. Bldg., 186 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



"She also laid flarepaths, she refuelled aircraft..."
An illustration from "My Life as a W. A. A. F."

The Book that Every Girl Should Read!

"MY LIFE AS A W. A. A. F."

The true story of A.C.W. Madge Elliott

Write to-day for this 48-page book to The R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre in your nearest capital city!

A.F.W. 15-38

MR. COVERLEY

a comfortable figure buttoned into blue battle-dress, said how-do and that he was so moulty from doing nothing he wouldn't know what to do himself.

They strolled back through the soft natural dusk and sat on her balcony. The moon rose, turning the trees in the square into an enchanted forest.

"You know," said Sam, "that's a right pretty moon. They couldn't do better than that at home."

"I expect this means you are getting over the homesickness."

"Haven't been homesick a lick since you walked into my room and shook me so forcibly. Talking of force, that girl Violet seems awfully strong. I wonder why she isn't in one of the Services."

"She wants to very much." "Then why doesn't she? That's one thing about America—the girls don't hang on to their mothers' apron strings after they've grown six feet high."

"And that's another thing about Americans," said Sylvia crisply. "They must hold the world's record for leaping to conclusions."

The night of his fire-watching, Sam went upstairs to his room and settled down to a heavy book on European history. Some time later he was jerked out of his absorption by a sound. He switched off the light and drew back the blackout curtains. Far away and high up, he could hear the passing of aircraft. The sound was stirring and exciting—and the thought of all that invisible power was somewhat frightening.

"It's all right," Sylvia's voice said suddenly, "they're ours."

She must have come out on her balcony. He guessed she'd been awake wondering if he'd get on all right.

"Hey, you go to sleep." "All right. If there is a warning, call me."

"Do you think there will be?" "Well, we raided Berlin last night. Good-night, Sam."

He remained leaning on his win-

dow-sill, looking out into the velvety black. Time dragged slowly, waiting. It was a curious business, fire-watching. All over the city, in every block and building, warehouse and factory, there was a man, woman, or child, sitting up—waiting like himself in a bedroom or up on a roof. Every night, fine or wet or cold, someone was there.

There was a whisper of sound which sent a prickle through his blood. A banshee cry wailing up coming nearer. Unmistakable now, the sirens were sounding.

He whirled round, fell over a chair, and flew down the stairs.

"Sylvia!" He found a silken shoul-

der and shook it.

"Drat the man!" she groaned. "The bouncer, the beastly cad." She stirred. "Hitler, I mean. All right, I'm awake. Go to the post and report. Don't forget your tin hat."

He chased up the stairs again and found his helmet. Outside, the night was tingling to the quavering of the sirens. The ray from his dimmed torch found the railing which guarded the steps to the warden's post, and he leaped down them. The warden was in the doorway.

"Hello, Mr. Coverley," Sam panted. "Sector 8 alert or whatever you say!"

"Good," said Mr. Coverley. "Just putting on a little show for you, Mr. Lawrence."

Returning, Sam was aware of hurry and movement in the darkness. He heard running footsteps, the clink of equipment, caught the gleam of helmets.

In his own street he nearly ran down a wandering body.

"It's Mr. Lawrence, isn't it?" He winked his torch at the other's feet. It was Colonel Tenchley and his buldog.

"No need to hurry, I fancy." The colonel turned round and walked along with him. "Those guns are some distance off. Probably down the Estuary."

Another figure rose from the dark steps of Number 44. It was Sylvia, and in the glimpse he got by torchlight she looked neat and unexpectedly military. She wore a steel helmet, trench coat and leather gloves, and there was a lanyard round her neck. No one else seemed to be astir. The sound of the barrage increased suddenly. The colonel, who seemed to be wide awake and interested, said, "Ah," and named the locality of the batteries. Sylvia yawned.

"What about the others?" asked Sam nervously. "Shouldn't they be going to a shelter?"

"Bless you," said Sylvia. "They won't go to a shelter. There may be work for them to do. Go in and look if you like. They should be up, some of them."

SAM went in through the front door and stopped in astonishment. There they were sitting on the stairs, looking like caricatures of themselves.

Over an assortment of odd garments they wore old coats and they had gloves and helmets in their laps. They were chatting without any sign of concern. In the hall was a pile of pumps and snuffers. The old ladies of Barbary Square versus the Luft-waffe, thought Sam, with a gleam of sardonic pity. There would be a nice mess when the bombs began to fall.

Sam rejoined Sylvia and the colonel in the street. A light grew out of the sky. A string of incandescent globes came floating down. Something struck the earth three solid blows. A whistle blew faintly. Sylvia pulled at her lanyard. "Oh, dear," she said, and her voice was low and had a quaver, "here we go again." She ran out into the street and blew a blast. Her voice rang out: "Take cover!"

Sam joined her and they trotted the length of their side of the square, then back to Number 44. A shadowy group had gathered, "Ferdie and Violet, will you take the roof?" said Sylvia.

"Righto."

The guns had hung a solid curtain of sound against the night. At intervals a larger explosion made the fabric shake and billow. Sam felt the wind of an explosion he did not hear, then came a curious melody of whistling and hissing. Something bounced and rattled on the roadway and he jumped a foot.

"What was that?"

"Incendiaries," Sylvia told him. "Open the bin, please, colonel."

She ran out in the street, giving little toots on her whistle. The doors

A House in Barbary Square

Continued from page 5

of Number 44 opened and some of the fire-fighters flowed down the steps and into the square.

The bathtubs, which had so amused Sam, had been dragged from the shrubbery to act as reservoirs. He stopped for a moment to breathe and admire the way two women were handling a stirrup-pump. He could hear what they were saying. "I said to her quite frankly that in my opinion the least she could do was to stay with the children in the country. Water off, dear."

He found Sylvia looking anxiously upward. "It's Violet and Ferdie, I'm worried about them. A shower of bombs must have fallen across the roof."

"Want me to go up there?" "You would certainly break your neck. They'll have to carry on. They're frightfully nippy, those two. "Violet and Ferdie!"

"They're the best in the square. It's a sort of game with them—they take the most frightful chances."

Darkness had crept round them again. It was dispelled by another flare dropped from above, and faces were ghastly and eyes glistened fire. The whistling, rushing sound came again.

Sam stared at the thing which had fallen on the lawn of the square and knocked a hole there. It was about thirty inches long and four inches through.

"Hey, Sylvia," he shouted, "these are different."

Her whistle was shrilling. Her voice was dismayed and urgent.

"Take cover. Everybody, please—" Something struck with a shower of earth among the flower beds.

Mrs. Cherril ran toward it, carrying a long-handled spade. Paralysis descended on the scene in the square. People stood in frozen attitudes with staring faces. Sam was the first to shake it off. He began to run. He had won the high hurdles at his college, he had a spring and a stride, but now he felt like a slow-motion picture of a man running.

He stretched out his arm, he felt Mrs. Cherril's body bent over it with the force of his rush. He knew the bomb was going off, his mind seemed to turn toward it as his body arched away from it.

His room was bright with flowers the next day and people kept dropping in, trying to thank him without actually talking about it.

Mrs. Cherril, he learned, was pretty well, some shock, but no burns. He himself had a bad headache which wore off, and a burn on one arm

where a fragment had nicked it. In the evening, Sylvia came in with a book, some apples, and more flowers.

"Thanks. Gosh, Barbary Square certainly goes in for flowers." "Perhaps we feel that you deserve them." She put her face against a fragrant sheaf. "These are lovely."

"Violet brought those. She's a great girl—Violet. I'm strong for her. She and Ferdie must have had a hot time on the roofs last night. Ferdie was telling me about it. One of the new ones—a daisy-buster he calls them—got stuck in the steel netting and they slid down and pushed it into the street. It went off and blew in a garage door."

"I get a big kick out of Ferdie, he's as cool as a cucumber. And do you know something? The Cherrills used to live in a village on the south coast, and they were bombed a lot, and one day the bombs got the school. Mrs. Cherril can never forget about it, and sometimes at night when she can't sleep, it calms her to sit on the stairs. Violet told me about it. She said she hoped they hadn't disturbed me sitting there one night. She's a great girl—Violet."

"It's tough on her being tied down here, but the way she figures it she has to be with her mother at this time, no matter what she wants to do herself."

"What a lot of news!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Was Colonel Tenchley in to see you?"

"Sure, he spent the afternoon here. We'll have to go down and smoke a pipe with him one night, Sylvia. The old boy is lonely. He's spent half his life in the Burmese jungle; he's almost forgotten how to get along with white folk."

"People aren't so queer when you know them, are they?"

"Queer? These people aren't queer. We've got a great gang here in good old 44, and we're going to have a lot of fun. I like this town! Gosh, you're beautiful."

She jumped. "Do you always say things like that—bang, without any introduction?"

"Build-up, we say. Yep, I like this town, with its barrage balloons and its gardens and its lovely Miss Sylvia Cromer. A great town for a love affair."

She was going, she gathered up her gloves and handbag. At the door she stopped and gave him a little salute.

"I shall observe your progress with the greatest interest."

(Copyright)

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need FOR FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more—it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE: STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals. CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast. DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night. Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.



DeWitt's In sky-blue canisters, 2'6 ANTACID POWDER



TIED of the way you do your hair? Then try this style. It's a coiffure most becoming to the woman with a full face. Note the way the hair is kept flat at sides and lifted in graceful swirls at the top. Such a style will do miracles for your looks.



YOU ARE EIGHTEEN and you've decided to wear your hair longer for winter, then copy this sweet, informal style pictured above. Don't concentrate all you've got on the front, however—do see that the back is well groomed, otherwise it will look "rangy."

Give thanks for your daily bread — provided it's ...

WHEATMEAL

● No need to worry so much about meat-rationing if you eat more wholemeal bread, also oatmeal, the vitamin B1 foods.

By MEDICO

MEAT, as you may—or may not—know is a good source of Vitamin B1, or thiamin, to give it its modern name.

This is the vitamin that makes for healthy nerves, that supplies energy, helps you to maintain a good appetite, a healthy digestion, and prevents you becoming a victim of that tired feeling.

In Australia, we tend to under-consume this vitamin, more especially since meat-rationing is with us. So it behoves every wife and mother to see that the meat supply is evenly distributed within the family circle and that it is supplemented by other foods supplying this important vitamin, as wheatmeal and oatmeal.

Now, the majority of Australians eat white bread in preference to wheatmeal or wholemeal bread; others say they cannot get it as often as they wish.

But in the interests of the health of their families, housewives should demand wheatmeal bread—and keep on demanding it.

The British people have a "national" wheatmeal loaf which provides the Vitamin B which they so direly need. This "national" wheatmeal loaf has certainly played an important part in the surprisingly high standard of health of the people during their years of travail.

In Britain more of the outer covering of the wheat is retained in the flour used in baking bread.

Actually 85 per cent. of the wheat grain is in the British flour.

"Many Australian mills," states the Australian National Health and Medical Council, "fall far short of what is necessary for the manufacture of good flour."

Only 70 per cent. of the wheat grain goes into Australian flour.

Therefore, it is all the more necessary that you and the family should eat plenty of wheatmeal bread.

Wheatmeal or wholemeal bread should be eaten within 36 hours of baking to obtain best flavor value.

WHY DOES YOUR CHILD DISOBEY YOU?

By SISTER MARY JACOB

"No, you can't!" "Didn't I tell you not to do that?"

"No! No! No!" How often you hear these phrases and threats of punishment to over-tired children when travelling on ferry, bus, or train.

Do you say "No" far too many times unnecessarily to your toddler? Do you threaten to punish him and then not carry out your promise when correction is necessary?

Obedience in children must be won and not demanded, and mere submission to control of others is not the highest type of obedience.

Children often disobey for various causes such as curiosity, fear, and fatigue.

A leaflet describing some of these causes has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Self-help in the ... GARDEN

● If you want to save yourself time, trouble, and expense, read this ...

By OUR HOME GARDENER

NEVER bury strong-growing perennial weeds such as dandelion, sorrel, dock, paddy's lucerne, or couch grass in the fond belief that burial will kill them. They will come up again stronger than ever.

Mulching perennial plants for the winter too soon or too heavily is another common gardening mistake. In either case the result is likely to be continuing growth followed by rotting or other serious injury.

Two or three inches of mulch is a good general rule to follow.

Another mistake is to allow the small roots of trees, shrubs, and perennials, or any other type of plant, to get dry during transplanting operations.

Even a few minutes' exposure to sun or wind may wither their delicate texture, so be sure to keep them moist by covering with moist haggard or similar material.

Taking a complacent attitude to the first few aphids, mealy bugs, brown vegetable weevils, caterpillars, or cutworms that appear in the garden is also a mistake. Never adopt that "I'll get you to-morrow," attitude. Spray, dust, or hand-pick and destroy that pest to-day.

Failure to realise that all plants which live more than a year must have a resting period when they consolidate their gains and prepare for future efforts is another gardening "bloomer." Don't expect chrysanthemums, phlox, perennial asters, and the like to keep growing and flowering like mad for ever—you couldn't do that yourself.

Lift them when the flowering has finished, re-manure the soil, divide the plants, and thus give them a "rest." This also applies to gladioli, narcissi, most of the iris tribe, and hyacinths—but not to snowflakes or lilliums.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Bladder, Cystitis, or other Kidney troubles, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impeding the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicine can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure (iii) kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 3 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

SAFETY FIRST Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

Cuticura OINTMENT

CUTICURA OINTMENT CUTICURA SOAP

fortuna cloth



THE ELUSIVE MALE
Alleyne Leslie handles some posers.

Q: For two whole years Don has been taking Ann out—but never a hint of wedding bells from him. What's her best move—

1. Cut him out of her life?
2. Let him see how much she loves him and ask if he's serious?
3. Carry on and hope all will come well one day?

A: No. 3, Ann, but with a big difference! Now's the time to wheel out your heaviest ammunition. Concentrate on a milk-and-roses complexion, line up a couple of presentable males as decoys and open your campaign. Begin the good work with Erasmic Creams. In no time you'll have him at your feet—with a sapphire in his hand and a honeymoon on his mind.

Q: Carol is over-the-ears in love with her dearest girl friend's brother, but the girl friend knows that Carol cuts no ice with him. Should she—

1. Say nothing and hope events will save a broken heart?
2. Have an intimate talk with Carol?
3. Put brother wise?

A: Correct is No. 1, May. If you have that radiant complexion men can't forget, he'll be the one to make the overtures. Keep yourself in line for such thrilling moments by using Erasmic Cold Cream nightly to freshen skin and give it the set-in look and feel that turns a girl into a real stage-line dayer.

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In tubes and jars 1/2d.

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aid to perfect hearing. The Stabilised Feed-Back, an exclusive Western Electric feature, which insures perfect sound reproduction, and the new Tone Discriminator, which suppresses background noise, are the very latest discoveries by the research scientists at Western Electric, the world planners in sound reproduction and transmission. Your visit places you under no obligation, so make an appointment for an Audiometric test.

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● Cakes and cookies, scones and tea-loaves, all tested and tasted and recommended as all-out aid to a hungry family.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

YOU'LL find eight recipes on this page. Four more, including a good plain cake and sponge sandwich, are given on page 23.

BROWNIES

(The old recipe minus the nuts.)
One and a half cups rolled oats, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons melted dripping, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Mix rolled oats, brown sugar, sifted plain flour, spice, and lemon rind. Combine boiling water, syrup, lemon juice, dripping, and stir in the soda. Mix the dry and liquid ingredients. Stand a few minutes and then drop spoonfuls of the mixture on to a greased tray, at least one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.



SALLY LUNN TEA-CAKE

(Light yeast loaf. Sultanas or currants may be added.)

One ounce butter or substitute, 1oz. sugar, pinch of salt, 1 cup hot milk, 1oz. compressed yeast, 3 tablespoons tepid water, 1 egg, 12 cups flour.

Add hot milk to butter, sugar, and salt. Combine yeast and tepid water. Cool milk mixture to lukewarm and combine with yeast. Stand for 15 minutes in warm place to rise and then add beaten egg and sifted flour, mixing thoroughly. Cover and stand until well risen, about 30 minutes. Place in 8in. greased sandwich-tin and stand in warm place until the mixture rises to edge of tin. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.



CURRENT TEA-BUNS

(Sometimes misnamed rock cakes.)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice (may omit), 3oz. dripping, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. currants, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, little milk.

Sift flour and spice. Rub in dripping. Add sugar, currants, lemon rind. Stir in beaten egg, lemon juice, and enough dough for a soft mixture that will hold its own shape. Place spoonfuls on a greased tray; bake in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) 8 to 12 minutes.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

(A light brown cake; requires no eggs or milk.)

One cup sugar, 2½ teaspoons spice, 1½ cups unsweetened apple sauce, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup fruit (raisins, sultanas, and/or currants), 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2½ cups flour, 3oz. melted butter or substitute.

Measure ingredients in order given into mixing bowl. Mix thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour in greased 5in. cake-tin or for 35 minutes in 2 bar-tins.

Be a kitchen wizard

SCARCITIES are a challenge to old routines. . . .

No butter for the scones . . . try apple jelly (use up the wind-falls), honey, or luscious chunks of marmalade preserve.

No nuts for the nut-bread . . . have you noticed the nutty flavor of bran?

No butter for pastry . . . Goodness! I never used it; did you?

No lemons to-day . . . try unsweetened rhubarb juice or a dash of vinegar in the dripping cake.

No eggs? There are a few—but children first, of course . . . Save the odd ones for special occasions.

No spice for the tea-cakes . . . Make use of every scrap of precious orange rind; try the flavor of burnt sugar caramel, and the tangy taste of honey and treacle.

The recipes on this page may be reminiscent of old-fashioned baking days but just remembered. Be careful of your winter fuel each time you light the oven for cooking a meal; make fullest use of its space. A bar cake, a nut-bread tin, a scone loaf can usually be fitted at the side of or above the casserole or meat-dish.

Well Baked

FRAGRANCE FROM THE KITCHEN . . . Catch the delicate aroma of home-made tea-loaf, fresh scones, and the promise of a pot of tea from the kettle sizzling on the hob. Remember!

FRUIT LAYER SQUARES

(Serve as dinner sweet or pack in luncheon box.)

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 4oz. good beef dripping, 1 tablespoon sugar, water, 2 cups mixed fruit such as sultanas and currants, 1 cup stewed tart apple, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice (may be omitted), 2 tablespoons honey or brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in dripping, add sugar, and mix to a dry dough with water. Roll half this pastry to a thin sheet to line a small swiss-roll tin. Combine sultanas, currants, apple, fruit rind, lemon juice, sugar or honey, and spice. Place mixed fruit evenly over pastry foundation, moisten edges with water, cover with remainder of thinly rolled pastry. Pinch edges of pastry together and brush with a syrup of sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.), and cook for a further 15 minutes. Cut into squares while hot.

Continued on page 23

OATMEAL CHEESE BISCUITS

(Delicious served with celery.)

Eight ounces fine oatmeal, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. finely grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter, lard, or dripping, 1 egg, little water.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in the fat and add the cheese and oatmeal. Mix to a dry dough with egg and a few drops of water. Roll out thinly and cut into rounds or finger lengths. Place on greased oven tray and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned, about 12 minutes. Cool on tray.

FEATHER TEA-SCONE

(Try it hot with a fruit preserve . . . for Sunday tea.)

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, vanilla, cinnamon, brown sugar, salt.

Separate white from yolk of egg, add a pinch of salt to white and beat until stiff. Add the sugar gradually, beating until thick and smooth and then beat in the egg-yolk. Add few drops of vanilla to the milk and fold into the egg mixture alternately with the sifted flour. Lastly add the melted butter. Pour into a greased 7-inch sandwich-tin and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. While hot, brush top with butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon.

SULTANA SCONE LOAF

(Serve freshly made with honey or home-made jam.)

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour. Rub in butter. Add sugar, salt, sultanas, and mix to a light, soft dough with milk. Knead to smooth round on lightly floured board. Press to size of 7-inch sandwich-tin. Cut into six wedges. Place in greased sandwich-tin, brush with milk or sugar syrup, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL



ON UNDERWEAR!



STRAIGHT OUT OF THE OVEN
piping hot savory of scalloped sweetbreads with potato border. Fine for Saturday or Sunday night's tea, or winter supper party.



COOKED ON THE OVEN BARS. Save fuel by using all the cooking space of oven each time it is lighted. These potatoes are seasoned with topping of sautéed shallots and parsley.



MARBLED PUDDING of chocolate and lemon flavored mixture. Use a simple foundation recipe.

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SOMETHING NEW IN SWEETS

● Chokoes are in season. Sweet choko pie wins place of honor in this week's list of readers' recipes. Try it; also other fine prize recipes.

WANT to join the prize-winning list in our best recipe contest? Cash prizes every week, remember.

Send in the recipe that you found easy to make and your family found easy to eat... soup for a shivering night, casserole from your midwinter file of recipes, cake that created a sensation at your last party, clever ways with vegetables from the garden... these are the recipes for this page.

Don't be secretive about your table triumphs... It's not the fashion these days. Share them with others and win a prize for yourself!

CHOKO LEMON-CHEESE TART

Take 3 or 4 chokoes, grated rind and juice of a lemon, 1 tablespoon butter, sugar to taste, yolk of 1 egg. Prepare and cook the chokoes until quite tender. Drain and mash well, add butter, then add lemon and rind and sugar to taste. Stir and beat in the egg-yolk. Line a plate with tartlet pastry. Prick the bottom. Bake in a quick oven. Bake some strips of pastry for decorating the top of the tart. Fill the pastry-case with the mixture, arrange the cooked pastry strips on top and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Dust the top with icing sugar or sugar and spice.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Mollie Fignot, c/o Mrs. McGregor, Longdon St. SE, Cooper's Plain, S.C.L., Brisbane.

ECONOMICAL WINTER PUDDING

(No eggs or butter.)

One cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon any dark jam, 1 small handful of raisins or currants, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in small cup milk.

Blend together flour, sugar, dripping, jam, and fruit, then add soda and milk.

Put in greased mould and steam 2 hours. Serve with following sauce:-

Boil 1 cup water and thicken with 1 small tablespoon of cornflour, add pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon of spice, cinnamon, or grated nutmeg, and 1 tablespoon of honey. Simmer for 1 minute and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Hunter, 13 Swaine Ave., Rose Park, S.A.

GINGER BREAD

Half cup good dripping, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup honey or golden syrup, 2 cups plain flour (sifted), 1 1/2 teaspoons bicarb. soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup hot water.

Cream dripping and sugar, add beaten egg, honey, or syrup, and then dry ingredients sifted together. Add water last. Beat until smooth. The batter is thin, but makes a fine cake. Bake in well-greased baking-tin in moderate oven for about one hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. E. Brewer, "Chastanfield," Candebein Road, Ungarie, N.S.W.

WELL BAKED Continued from page 22

SPONGE SANDWICH

(The inevitable recipe that must crop up every now and then.)

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons boiling water.

Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Whisk the whites until stiff and frothy, add the sugar gradually, and continue beating until smooth and thick. Whip in the egg-yolks one at a time. Lightly fold (not stir) in the well-sifted flour and then quickly and lightly fold in the boiling water and melted

butter. Pour the mixture into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

RHUBARB BRAN BREAD

(Luscious served sliced with honey.)

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup bran, pinch of bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 2oz. dripping, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cup sliced rhubarb, 1 egg.

Molten bran and soda with milk. Cream fat, sugar, syrup, and lemon juice. Add the egg, beating until smooth. Stir in the bran and milk. Add the rhubarb, and, lastly, the sifted flour. Place in greased loaf or nut-loaf tin, and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes.

RICH PLAIN CAKE

(For very special occasions.)

Six ounces butter, 8oz. plain flour, 4 eggs, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, flavoring (vanilla, or orange or lemon rind).

Cream the butter well and combine with flour, mixing until light and fluffy.

Beat the eggs and sugar until thick and creamy and add, gradually, to the flour and butter mixture. When thoroughly mixed fold in the sifted cornflour and baking powder and flavoring. Bake in a well-greased cake-tin (8lb. size or 8in. tin) in the centre of a moderately hot oven for 50 to 60 minutes.



DON'T OVERLOOK the value of shredded cabbage in the winter salad. Kathryn Grayson, MGM star, pictured above, calls it "health and beauty food."



SPANKING HOT... flapjacks for breakfast. Fold any savory mixture, minced meat, chopped mushrooms, grated cheese, into fritter batter... cook in spoon-juls on hot griddle.

SPICE AND FRUIT CAKE

Three tablespoons good dripping, 1 large cup sugar, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 cup raisins or any other fruit, milk.

Put dripping and sugar into mixing dish, stir for one minute, add flour, salt, soda, cinnamon, ginger, all sifted together. Add fruit, and enough milk to make a soft dough. Put into a well-greased baking-tin and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 1/2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. V. Brain, "Hillside," Albury Road, via Wagga, N.S.W.

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